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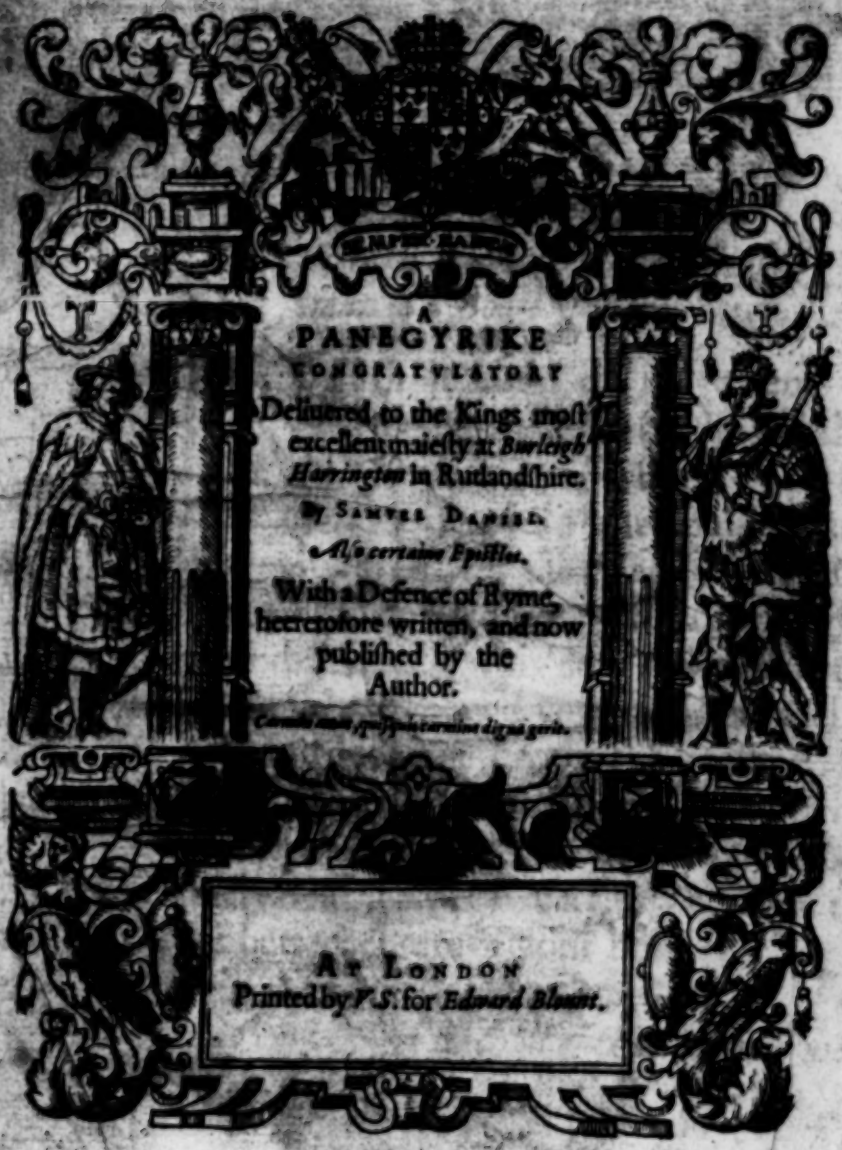

A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORY

Deliuered to the Kings most excellent maiesty at *Burleigh Harrington* in Rutlandshire.

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

Also certaine Epistles.

With a Defence of Ryme, heeretofore written, and now published by the Author.

Cernitis etiam ipsi Pyrithoi tormina digna gerit.

AT LONDON
Printed by *V. S.* for *Edward Blount.*

Epistles to seuerall persons.
To S^r. Ed: Seymour Ex: of Hartford, of a Man distressed in a Boate at Sea, wth two Women.
A Defence of Ryme

A
PANEGYRICK
CONSERVATORY

Delivered to the Kings most
excellent Majesty at White-
Hall upon the 5th
of November.

By SAMUEL DANIEL.

Corrected and Augmented.

With a Defence of Rhyme
against a Pamphlet
entitled
Observations upon
Translations, and now
published by him
selfe.

At LONDON
Printed by S.S. for Edm. Blount.

TO EDWARD SEYMOVR Earle of Hertford:

Concerning his queſtion of a diſtreſſed man in a Boate vpon the Seas.

NOble Lord, the iudgements of men, are euer according to the ſet of their affections, and as the images of their paſſions are drawne within, ſo they ſend forth the forme of their opinions: and accordingly muſt I iudge of this caſe (which your Honour hath moued vnto me) as my ſelfe do ſtand looking thorow the proſpectiue of mine owne imagination, that onely takes meaſure of other mens paſſions by that it ſelfe feeles. Referring the ſame to the better cenſure of your honour,

Who ſhall euer commaund me,

SAMVEL DANIEL.

[illegible]

SAMVEL DANIEL.

A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE TO HIS MAIESTIE

1

LO here the glory of a greater day
Then *England* euer heretofore could see
In all her dayes. When she did most display
The Ensignes of her powre, or whenas she
Did spread herselfe the most, and most did sway
Her state abroad, yet could she neuer be
Thus blesse at home, nor euer come to grow
To be intire in her full Orbe till now.

2

And now she is, and now in peace therefore
Shake hands with Vnion, O thou mightie State,
Now thou art all great *Brittaine*, and no more,
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate:
No Borders but the Ocean, and the Shore,
No wall of *Adrian* serues to seperate
Our mutuall loue, nor our obedience,
All Subiects now to one imperiall Prince.

3

What heretofore could neuer yet be wrought,
By all the swords of powre, by blood, by fire,
By ruine, and destruction, here is brought
To passe, with peace, with loue, with ioy desire:
Our former blessed vnion hath begot
A greater vnion that is more intire,
And makes vs more our selues, sets vs at one
With Nature that ordain'd vs to be one.

4

Glory of men, this hast thou brought to vs,
And yet hast brought vs more than this by farre:
Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousnes,
Iudgement and Iustice, which more glorious are
Then all thy Kingdomes, and arte more by this,
Then Lord and Soueraigne, more than Emperor
Ouer the hearts of men that let thee in
To more, than all the powres on Earth can win.

5

God makes thee King of our estates, but we
Do make thee King of our affection,
King of our Loue, a passion borne most free,
And most vn-subiect to dominion:
And know, that *England* which in that degree
Can loue, with such a true deuotion
Those that are lesse than Kings, to thee must bring
More Loue, who art so much more than a King.

6

And King of this great Nation, populous,
Stout, valiant, powrefull, both by Sea and Land,
Attemptiue, able, worthy, generous,
Which ioyfully imbraces thy command:
A people tractable, obsequious,
Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand
To any forme of honor, t'any way
Of high attempts, thy vertues shall assay.

7

A people so inur'd to peace, so wrought
To a succeßiue course of quietnesse,
As th'haue forgot (and O b'it still forgot,)
The nature of their ancient stubbornesse;
Time altred hath the forme, the meanes, and brought
The state to that proportion'd euennesse,
As t'is not like againe t'will euer come
(Being vsde abroad) to draw the sword at home.

This

8

This people, this great State, these hearts adore
Thy Scepter now, and now turne all to thee,
Toucht with as powrefull zeale, and if not more,
(And yet O more, how could there euer be
Than vnto her, whom yet we doe deplore
Amidst our Ioy?) And giue vs leaue if we
Reioyce and mourne, that cannot without wrong,
So soone forget her, we enioyde so long.

9

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we hold
True after death, and bring not this respect
To a new Prince from hating of the old;
Or from desire of change, or from neglect;
Whereby O mightie Sov'raigne, thou art told
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From such a faith, that doth not haste to runne
Before their time, to an arising Sunne.

10

And let my humble *Muse* whom she did grace,
Begge this one grace for her that now lies dead,
That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
Nor that her fame become disfigured:
O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace,
Let not her honor be disquieted
Now after death: but let her Graue inclose
All but her good, and that it cannot close.

11

It addes much to thy glorie and our grace,
That this continued current of our loue
Runnes thus to thee, all with so swift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we do remoue,
Not as in motion put from out our place,
But in one Course, and do not seeme to moue,
But in more ioy than euer heretofore,
And well we may, since thou wilt make vs more.

12

Our Loue we see concurres with Gods great Loue,
Who onely made thy way, thy passage plaine,
Leuel'd the world for thee, did all remoue,
That might the shew but of a let retaine:
Vnbarr'd the North, humbled the South, did moue
The hearts of all, thy right to intertaine,
Held other States imbroyld, whose enuie might
Haue fostred factions to impugne thy right:

13

And all for thee, that we the more might praise
The glory of his power, and reuerence thine,
Whome he hath raisde to glorifie our dayes,
And make this Empire of the North to shine:
Against all th'impious workings, all th'assayes
Of vile disnatur'd vipers, whose designe
Was to imbroyle the state, t'obscure the light,
And that cleare brightnesse of thy sacred right.

14

To whose reproach, since th'issue and successe
Doth a sufficient marke of shame returne,
Let no penne else blazon their vglinesse,
Be it inough, that God and Men do scorne
Their proiects, censures, vaine pretendences:
Let not our Children that are yet vnborne,
Finde there were any offred to contest
Or make a doubt, to haue our kingdome blest.

15

Bury that question in th'eternall graue
Of darknesse, neuer to be seene againe,
Suffice we haue thee whom we ought to haue
And t'whom all good men knew did appertaine
Th'inheritance thy sacred birth-right gaue,
That needed n'other suffrages t'ordaine
What onely was thy due, nor no decree
To be made knowne, since none was knowne but thee.

16.

Witneſſe the ioy the vniuerſall cheere,
The ſpeeede, the eaſe, the will, the forwardneſſe
Of all this great and ſpacious State, how deere
It held thy Title and thy worthineſſe:
Haſte could not poſte ſo ſpeedy any where,
But Fame ſeem'd there before in readineſſe,
To tell our hopes, and to proclaime thy name,
O greater then our hopes, more then thy Fame.

17.

What a returne of comfort doſt thou bring
Now at this freſh returning of our blood,
Thus meeting with th'opening of the Spring,
To make our ſpirits likewiſe to imbudde?
What a new ſeaſon of incouraging
Beginnes t'inlength the dayes diſpos'd to good?
What apprehenſion of recouery
Of greater ſtrength, of more abilitie?

18.

The pulſe of *England* neuer more did beate
So ſtrong as now: nor euer were our harres
Let out to hopes ſo ſpacious and ſo great,
As now they are; not euer in all parres,
Did we thus feele ſo comfortable heat,
As now the glory of thy worth impartes:
The whole complexion of the Common-wealth
So weake before, hop'd neuer for more health.

19.

Couldſt thou but ſee from *Douer* to the Mount,
From *Totnes* to the *Orchades*, what ioy,
What cheere, what triumphs, and what deere account
Is held of thy renowne this bleſſed day,
A day which we, and ours muſt euer count
Our ſolemne feſtiuall, as well we may,
And though men thus court Kings ſtill which are new,
Yet do they more, where they finde more is due.

20

They feare the humours of a future Prince,
Who either loft a good, or felt a bad,
But thou haſt clear'd vs of this feare long ſince,
We know thee more, then by reporte we had,
We haue an euerlaſting euidence
Vnder thy hand, that now we needе not dread,
Thou wilt, brother-wiſe in thy deſignes
Then there thou art in thoſe iudiciall lines.

21

It is the greateſt glory vpon earth
To be a King, but yet much more to giue,
The inſtitution with the happy birth
Vnto a King, and teach him how to liue:
We haue, by thee, farre more then thine owne worth,
That doth encourage, ſtrengthen, and relieue
Our hopes in the ſucceſſion of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewiſe will be good.

22

We haue an earneſt that doth euen tie
Thy Scepter to thy word, and binds thy Crowne
(That elſe no band can binde) to ratifie
What thy religious hand hath there ſet downe,
Wherein thy all-commanding Sov'raintie
Stands ſubiect to thy Pen and thy Renowne,
There we behold thee King of thine owne hart
And ſee what we muſt be, and what thou art.

23

There great exemplare prototipe of Kings,
We finde the Good ſhal dwell within thy Court;
Plaine zeale and truth free from baſe flatterings,
Shall there be entertain'd and haue reſorte:
Honeſt diſcretion that no cunning brings,
But councells that lie right, and that import,
Is there receiu'd, with thoſe whoſe care attends
Thee, and the State, more then their priuate ends.

24

There grace and fauour ſhall not be diſpos'de
But by proportion, euen, and vpright,
There are no mightie mountaines interpos'de
Betweene thy beames and vs; t'imbarre thy light,
There Maieſtie liues not as it indos'de,
Or made a prey t'a priuate benefite:
The hand of Powre deales there her owne reward,
And thereby reapes the whole of mens regard.

25

There is no way to get vp to reſpect,
But onely by the way of worthineſſe:
All paſſages that may ſeeme indirect,
Are ſtopt vp now, and there is no acceſſe
By groſſe corruption, bribes cannot effect
For th'undeſeruing any offices:
Th'aſcent is cleane, and he that doth aſcend
Muſt haue his meanes as cleane as is his end.

26

The deedes of worth and laudable deſarts,
Shall not now paſſe thorow the ſtraight report
Of an imbaſing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humours ſhal comport:
The Prince himſelfe now heares, ſees, knows, what parts
Honour and Vertue acts, and in what ſort,
And thereto giues his grace accordingly,
And cheeres vp other to the like therby.

27

Nor ſhall we now haue vſe of flatterie,
For he knowes falſehoode farre more ſuttle is
Than truth; baſeneſſe than libertie,
Feare than loue, t'inuent theſe floriſhes:
And Adulation now is ſpent ſo nie
As that it hath no coulours to expreſſe
That which it would, that now we muſt be faine
T'unlearne that Art, and labour to be plaine.

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T'unlearne that Art, and labour to be plaine.

28

For where there is no care to be abus'd,
None will be found that dare t'informe a wrong,
The insolent sleprauen stands confus'd,
The impidus Atheist seemes to want a tonguel,
Transform'd into the fashion that is vs'd,
All striue t'appeare like those they liue among,
And all will seeme compos'd by that same squar,
By which they see, the best and greatest are.

29

Such powre hath thy example and respect
As that without a Sword, without debate,
Without a noyse, (or feeling in effect)
Thou wilt dispose, change, forme, accommodate
Thy kingdome, people, rule, and all effect,
Without the least convulsion of the State,
That this great passage and muration, will
Not seeme a change, but onely of our ill.

30

We shall continue one, and be the same
In Law, in Iustice, Magistrate, and forme,
Thou wilt not touch the fundamentall frame
Of this Estate thy Ancestors did forme,
But with a reuerence of their glorious fame
Seeke onely the corruptions to reforme,
Knowing that course is best to be obseru'de
Whereby a State hath longest beene preseru'd.

31

A King of *England* now most graciously,
Remits the iniuries that haue beene done
T'a King of Scots, and makes his clemencie
To checke them more than his correction,
Th'annoynted blood that staind most shamefully
This ill seduced state, he lookes thereon,
With th'eye of griefe, not wrath t'auenge the same,
Since th'Authors are extinct that caus'd that shame.

Thus

32

Thus mightie riuers quietly do glide,
And doe not, by their rage their powers profeſſe,
But by their mightie workings, when in pride
Smal Torrents roare more lowde, and worke much leſſe:
Peace Greatneſſe beſt becomes: calme power doth guide
With a farre more imperious ſtatelineſſe,
Then all the force of violence can doe,
And eaſier gaines thoſe ends ſhe tends vnto.

33

Then *England*, thou haſt reaſon thus to cheare,
Reaſon to ioy, and triumph in this wiſe,
When thou ſhalt gaine ſo much, and haue no feare
To looſe aught elſe but thy deformities:
When thus thou ſhalt haue health and be ſet cleare
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By ſuch a hand that beſt knowes how to cure,
And where moſt lie thoſe griefes thou doſt indure.

34

When thou ſhalt ſee there is another grace
Then to be rich, another dignitie
Then money: other meanes for place
Then gold: wealth ſhall not now make honeſtie;
When thou ſhalt ſee the eſtimation baſe
Of that which moſt afflicts our miſery:
Without the which, elſe couldſt thou neuer ſee
Our wayes laide right, nor men themſelues to bee.

Nam vbi cupido diuitiarum innaſcit, neque diſciplina, neque artes bonæ, neque ingenium vllum ſatis pollet.

35

By which improouement we ſhall gaine much more
Then by *Peru*, or all diſcoueries;
For this way to imbaſe, is to inſtore
The treaſure of the land, and make it riſe:
This is the onely key t'unlocke the dore,
To let out plentie that it may ſuffice,
For more then all this Ile, for more increaſe
Of Subiects then, by thee, there can increaſe.

This

36

This ſhal make roome, and place inough for all,
Which otherwiſe would not ſuffice a few,
And by proportion Geometricall
Shall ſo diſpoſe to all, what ſhal be due:
As that without corruption, wrangling, brawle,
Intruſion, wreſting, and by meanes vndue,
Deſert ſhall haue her charge, and but one charge,
As hauing but one body to diſcharge.

37

Whereby the all-incheeting Maieſtie
Shall come to ſhine at full in all her parts,
And ſpread her beames of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like deſarts;
For thus to checke, imbaſe and vilifie
Th'eſteeme of wealth, will faſhion ſo our harts
To worthy ends, as that we ſhall by much
More, labor to be Good, then to be Rich.

38

This will make peace with *Law*, reſtore the Barre
Th'her ancient ſilence, where Contention now
Makes ſo confus'd a noyſe, this will debarre
The foſtring of debate, and ouerthrow
That ougly monſter that fowle rauener
Extortion, which ſo hideouſly did grow,
By making prey vpon our miſery,
And waſting it againe as wickedly.

39

The ſtrange examples of impou'riſhments,
Of ſacriledge, exactions, and of waſte,
Shall not be made nor held as preſidents
For times to come, but end with th'ages paſt:
Whenas the State ſhall yeeld more ſuppliments
(Being well imploy'd) then Kings can well exhauſt;
This golden meadow lying ready ſtill
Then to be mow'd, when their occaſions will.

Fauour

40

Fauour, like pitie, in the hearts of men
Haue the firſt touches euer violent,
But ſoone againe it comes to languiſh, when
The motiue of that humour ſhall be ſpent:
But being ſtill fed with that which firſt hath beene
The cauſe thereof, it holds ſtill permanent,
And is kept in, by courſe, by forme, by kinde,
And Time begets more ties that ſtill more binde.

41

The broken frame of this diſioynted State,
Being by the blitſe of thy great Grandfather,
Henry the ſeauenth, reſtor'd to an eſtate
More ſound then euer, and farre ſtedfaſter,
Owes all it hath to him, and in that rate
Stands bound to thee that art his ſucceſſor:
For without him it had not beene begunne,
And without thee, we had beene now vndone.

42

Hee, of a priuate man, became a King,
Hauing indur'd the weight of tyrannie;
Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, & knew the thing
That good men wiſh for in their miſery
Vnder ill Kings: ſaw what it was to bring
Order and Forme to the recouery
Of an vnruly State; conceiu'd what cure
Would kill the cauſe of this diſtemp'rature.

43

Thou, borne a King, haſt in thy State, indur'd
The ſowre affronts of priuate diſcontent
With ſubiects broiles; and euer beene inur'd
To this great myſtery of gouernment:
Whereby thy Princely wiſedome hath allur'd
A State to peace, left to thee turbulent:
And brought vs an addition to the frame
Of his great worke, ſquar'd firſt to the ſame.

And,

44

And, both you (by the all-working prouidence
That faſhions out of dangers, toyles, debates,
Thoſe whom it hath ordained to commence
Theſe firſt, and great eſtabliſhments of States)
Came when your aide, your powers experience
(Which out of iudgement beſt accommodates
Theſe ioynts of rule) was more then moſt deſir'd,
And when the times of need the moſt requir'd.

45

And as he lay'd the modell of this frame,
By which was built ſo ſtrong a worke of State,
As all the powers of changes in the ſame;
All that exceſſe of a diſordinate
And luſtfull Prince: nor all that after came,
Nor Childe, nor ſtranger, nor yet womens fate,
Could once diſioynt the couplements, whereby
It held together in iuſt Symetry.

46

So thou likewiſe art come as fore-ordain'd
To re-inforce the ſame more really,
Which oftentimes hath beene but entertain'd
By th'onely ſtile, and name of Maieſtie:
And by no other councells oft attain'd
Thoſe ends of her inioy'd tranquilitie,
Then by this forme, and by th'incumbrances
Of neighbor ſtates that gaue it a ſucceſſe.

47

That hadſt thou had no title (as thou haſt
The onely right, and none hath elſe a right)
We yet muſt now haue beene inforcde t'haue caſt
Our ſelues into thy armes, to ſet all right;
And to auert confuſion, blood-ſhed, waſte,
That otherwiſe vpon vs needes muſt light:
None but a King, and no King elſe beſide
Could now haue ſau'd this State from being deſtry'd.

Thus

48

Thus hath the hundreth yeare brought backe againe
The ſacred bloud lent to adorne the North,
And here return'd it with a greater gaine,
And greater glory than we ſent it forth:
Thus doth th'all-working Prouidence retaine,
And keepe for great effects the ſeede of worth,
And ſo doth point theſe ſtops of time thereby,
In periods of vncertaine certainty.

It is iuſt a hundred yeares ſince the Lady Margaret was married to IAMES *the fourth, King of Scots.*

49

Margaret of *Richmond* (glorious Grandmother
Vnto that other precious *Margaret*,
From whence th'Almightie worker did transferre
This branch of peace, as from a roote well ſet)
Thou mother, author, plotter, Councellor
Of vnion, that didſt both conceiue, beget,
And bring forth happineſſe to this great State,
To make it thus intirely fortunate:

50

O couldſt thou now but view this faire ſucceſſe,
This great effect of thy religious worke,
And ſee therein how God hath pleas'd to bleſſe
Thy charitable Councels, and to worke
Still greater good out of the bleſſedneſſe
Of this conioyned *Lancaſter* and *Yorke*:
Which all conioyn'd within, and thoſe ſhut out,
Whom nature and their birth had ſet without.

51

How much haſt thou bound all poſterities
In this great worke, to reuerence thy name?
And with thee, that religious, faithfull, wiſe,
And learned *Mourton* who contriu'd the ſame,
And firſt aduis'd, and did ſo well aduiſe,
As that the good ſucceſſe that thereof came,
Shewd wel, that holy hands, cleane thoughts, cleare harts
Are onely fit to act ſuch glorious parts.

52

But *Muſe*, theſe deare remembrances muſt be
In their conuenient places regiſtred,
When thou ſhalt bring ſterne Diſcord to agree,
And bloody warre vnto a quiet Bed:
Which worke muſt now be finiſhed by thee:
That long hath layne vndone, as deſtined
Vnto the glory of theſe dayes, for which
Thy vowes and verſe haue laboured ſo much.

53

Thou euer haſt oppoſed all thy might
Againſt contention, fury, pride and wrong,
Perſwading ſtil to hold the courſe of right,
And Peace hath beene the burthen of thy Song,
And now thy ſelfe ſhalt haue the benefite
Of quietneſſe which thou haſt wanted long,
And now ſhalt haue calme peace, and vnion,
With thine owne warres, and now thou muſt go on.

54

Onely the ioy of this ſo deare a thing
Made me looke backe vnto the cauſe, whence came
This ſo great good, this bleſsing of a King,
When our eſtate ſo much requir'd the ſame,
When we had neede of powre for the well-ord'ring
Of our affaires: neede of a Spirite to frame
The world to Good, to Grace and worthineſſe,
Out of this humour of Luxurioufneſſe.

55

And bring vs backe vnto our ſelues againe,
Vnto our ancient natiue modeſtie,
From out theſe forraine ſinnes vve entertaine,
This loathſome ſurfets ougly Gluttony,
From this vnruly and this idle vaine,
Of wanton and ſuperfluous brauery,
The wracke of Gentry, ſpoile of Nobleneſſe,
And ſpare vs by thy temp'rate Soberneſſe.

When

56

When Abſtinence is faſhion'd by the Time,
It is no rare thing to be abſtinent,
But then it is, when th'Age full fraught with crime
Lies proſtrate vnto all miſgouernement.
And who is not licencious in the prime
And heate of youth, nor then incontinent
When out of might he may, he neuer wil;
No power can tempt him to that taſte of ill.

57

Then what are we t'expect from ſuch a hand
That doth this ſterne of faire example guide?
Who will not now ſhame to haue no command
Ouer his luſts? Who would be ſeene t'abide
Vnfaithful to his vowes, to infringe the band
Of a moſt ſacred knot which God hath tide?
Who would now ſeeme to be diſhonoured
With th'vncleane touch of an vnlawfull bedde?

58

What a great checke wil this chaſte Court be now
To wanton Courts debaucht with Luxuries
Where we no other Miſtreſſes ſhall know
But her to whom we owe our loyaltie:
Chaſte Mother of our Princes whence doe grow
Thoſe righteous iſſues, which ſhall glorifie
And comfort many Nations with their worth,
To her perpetuall grace that brought them forth.

59

We ſhall not feare to haue our wiues diſtain'd,
Nor yet our Daughters violated here
By an Imperiall luſt, that being vnrain'd
Will hardly be reſiſted any where.
Hee will not be betraid with eaſe, nor train'd
With idle reſt, in ſoft delights to weare
His time of life. But knowes where to be tends,
How worthy mindes are made for worthy ends.

60

And that this mighty worke of vnion now
Begunne with glory, muſt with grace run on
And ſo be cloſ'd, as all the ioynts may grow
Together firme in due proportion;
A worke of power and iudgement that muſt ſhew
All parts of wiſdome, and diſcretion
That man can ſhew: that no clowd may impaire
This day of hope, whoſe morning ſhewes ſo faire.

61

He hath a mightie burthen to ſuſtaine
Whoſe fortune doth ſucceed a gracious Prince,
Or where mens expectations intertaine
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence:
But yet he vndergoes a greater paine,
A more laborious worke, who muſt commence
The great foundation of a Gouernement,
And lay the frame of order, and content.

62

Eſpecially where mens deſires do runne
A greedy courſe of eminencie, gaine,
And priuate hopes, weighing not what is done
For the Republicke, ſo themſelues may gaine
Their ends, and where few care who be vndone,
So they be made, whil'ſt all do entertaine
The preſent motions that this paſſage brings
With th'infancie of change, vnder new Kings.

63

So that the weight of all ſeemes to rely
Wholy vpon thine owne diſcretion,
Thy iudgement now muſt only rectifie
This frame of pow're, thy glory ſtands vpon:
From thee muſt come, that thy poſterity
May ioy this Peace, and hold this vnion:
For whil'ſt all worke for their owne benefite,
Thy only worke muſt keepe vs all vpright.

64

For did not now thy full maturitie
Of yeares and wisedome, that discerne what shewes,
What arte, and colours, may deceiue the eye,
Secure our trust that that cleere iudgement knowes
Vpon what grounds depend thy Maiestie,
And whence the glory of thy greatnesse growes,
We might distrust least that a side might part
Thee from thy selfe, and so surprize thy hart.

65

Since th'arte but one, and that against thy breast
Are laide all th'ingins both of Skil and Wit
And all th'assaults of Cunning are addrest
With stratagems of Arte to enter it:
To make a prey of grace, and to inuest
Their powres within thy loue, that they might sit,
And stirre that way which their affection tends,
Respecting but themselues, and their owne ends.

66

And see'ng how difficult a thing it is
To rule, and what strength is requir'd to stand,
Against all the'interplac'd respondences
Of combinations, set to keepe the hand
And eye of power from out the prouinces:
That Auarice may draw to her command,
Which, to keepe hers, she others vowes to spare,
That they againe to her might vse like care.

67

But God that rais'd thee vp to act this parte,
Hath giuen thee all those powers of worthinesse,
Fit for so great a worke, and fram'd thy hart
Discernible of all apparences:
Taught thee to know the world, and this great Art
Of ord'ring man, *Knowledge of Knowledges*,
That from thee, men might reckon how this State
Became restor'd, and was made fortunate.

68

That thou the first, with vs, in name, might'st be
The first in course, to fashion vs anew,
Wherein the times hath offred that to thee,
Which seldome t'other princes could abrew:
Thou hast th'aduantage onely to be free,
T'imploy thy fauours where they shall be dew,
And to dispose thy grace in generall,
And like to *Ioue*, to be alike to all.

Est Iupiter omnibus idem.

69

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
But t'all thy people vniuersally,
And not to them, but for their loue alone,
Which they account is placed worthily:
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, whereon
They rest, nor they faile in their loyaltie;
Since no Prince comes deceiued in his trust,
But hee that first deceiues, and prooues vniust.

70

Then since we are in this so faire a way
Of Restauration, Greatnesse and Command,
Curs'd be hee that causes the least stay
In this faire worke, or interrupts thy hand,
And curs'd hee that offers to betray
Thy graces, or thy goodnesse to withstand,
Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race
Inherite but the portion of disgrace.

71

And hee that shall, by wicked Offices,
Be th'author of the least disturbancie,
Or seeke t'auert thy godly purposes,
Be euer held the scorne of infamie:
And let men but consider their successe
Who Princes loues abus'd presumptuously,
They shall perceiue their ends doe still relate,
That sure God loues them not whom men do hate.

And

72

And it is iuſt, that they who make a prey
Of Princes fauours, in the end againe,
Be made a prey to Princes, and repay
The ſpoiles of miſerie with greater gaine;
Whoſe ſacrifices euer doe allay
The wrath of men, conceiu'd in their diſdaine:
For that their hatred proſecuteth ſtill,
More then ill Princes, thoſe that make them ill.

73

But both thy iudgement and eſtate doth free
Thee, from theſe powres of Feare and Flattery,
The conquerours of Kings, by whom we ſee
Are wrought the acts of all impietie:
Thou arte ſo ſet, as th'haſt no cauſe to be
Iealous, or dreadfull of diſloyaltie,
The pedeſtall whereon thy Greatneſſe ſtands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

L2.1

CERTAINE EPISTLES AFTER THE MANNER OF HORACE, VVRITTEN TO DIVERS NOBLE PERSONAGES.

By S. D.

Carmen amat quisquis carmine digna gerit.

AT LONDON
Imprinted for *Edward Blount.*
1603.

AT LONDON
Imprinted for Edward Blunt.
1609.

TO

SIR THO: EGERTON KNIGHT,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEALE OF ENGLAND.

WEll hath the powreful hand of Maieſtie,
Thy worthines, and *Englands* happe beſide,
Set thee in th'aidfulſt roome of dignitie,
As th'*Iſthmus*, theſe two Oceans to diuide
Of *Rigor* and confus'd *Vncertaintie*,
To keepe our th'entercourſe of wrong and pride,
That they ingulph not vp vnſuccoured right
By th'extreame current of licencious might.

Now when we ſee the moſt combining band,
The ſtrongeſt faſting of ſocietie
Law, whereon all this frame of men doth ſtand,
Remaine concuſſed with vncertaintie,
And ſeeme to foſter rather than withſtand
Contention, and embrace obſcuritie,
Onely t'afflict, and not to faſhion vs,
Making her cure farre worſe than the diſeaſe.

As if ſhe had made couenant with Wrong,
To part the prey made on our weakeneſſes,
And ſuffred Falſhood to be arm'd as ſtrong
Vnto the combate as is Righteouſnes,
Or ſuted her, as if ſhe did belong
Vnto our paſsions, and did euen profeſſe
Contention, as her only myſtery,
Which ſhe reſtraines not, but doth multiply.

To Sir Thomas

Was ſhe the ſame ſh'is now in ages paſt,
Or was ſhe leſſe when ſhe was vſed leſſe?
And growes as malice growes, and ſo comes caſt
Iuſt to the forme of our vnquietneſſe?
Or made more ſlow, the more that ſtrife runnes faſt,
Staying t'undo vs ere ſhe will redreſſe?
That th'ill ſhee checks ſeemes ſuffred to be ill,
When it yeelds greater gaine than goodneſſe will.

Muſt there be ſtill ſome diſcord mixt among
The Harmonie of men, whoſe moode accords
Beſt with Contention, tun'd t'a note of wrong,
That when war failes, peace muſt make war with words,
And b'arm'd vnto deſtruction euen as ſtrong,
As were in ages paſt our ciuill ſwordes;
Making as deepe, although vnbleeding wounds,
That when as furie failes, wiſedome confounds.

If it be wiſedome, and not cunning, this
Which ſo imbroyles the ſtate of truth with brawles,
And wrappes it vp in ſtrange confuſedneſſe
As if it liu'd immur'd within the walls,
Of hideous termes fram'd out of barbarouſneſſe
And forraine Cuſtomes, the memorials
Of our ſubiection, and could neuer be
Deliu'red but by wrangling ſubtiltie.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plaine,
Vncurious, Gentile, eaſie of acceſſe:
Certaine vnto it ſelfe, of equall vaine,
One face, one colour, one aſſuredneſſe;
It's Falſhood that is intricate, and vaine,
And needes theſe laborinths of ſubtilneſſe.
For where the cunningſt cou'rings moſt appeare
It argues ſtill that all is not ſincere.

Which

Which thy cleere ey'd experience well diſcries,
Great Keeper of the ſtate of Equitie,
Refuge of mercie, vpon whom relies
The ſuccour of oppreſſed miſerie:
Altar of ſafegarde, whereto affliction flies
From th'eger purſuite of ſeueritie:
Hauen of Peace, that labourſt to withdraw
Iuſtice, from out the tempeſts of the Law.

And ſet her in a calme and euen way,
Plaine and directly leading to redreſſe,
Barring theſe counter-courſes of delay
Theſe waſting dilatorie proceſſes:
Ranging into their right, and proper ray,
Errors, demurs, eſſoines; and trauerſes,
The heads of *Hydra* ſpringing out of death
That giues this Monſter malice ſtill new breath.

That what was made for the vtilitie
And good of man, might not be turn'd t'his hurt
To make him worſer by his remedie,
And caſt him downe, with what ſhould him ſupport:
Nor that the State of Law might looſe thereby
The due reſpect, and reu'rence of her porte,
And ſeeme a trap to catch our ignorance
And to intangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations and our deedes,
Vnto a like infinitie ariſe,
As be'ng a Science, that by nature breedes
Contention, ſtrife and ambiguities:
For altercation controuerſie feeds,
And in her agitation multiplies:
The field of *Caſuell* lying all like wide,
Yealds like aduantage vnto either ſide.

Ferdinand king of Castile. Which made the graue Castillian King deuise
A prohibition, that no Aduocate
Should be conuaid to th'Indian Colonies,
Left their new setting, shaken with debate,
Might take but slender roote, and so not rise
To any perfect growth of firme estate,
For hauing not this skill, how to contend,
Th'vnnourisht strife would quickely make an end.

The king of Hungarie. So likewise did th'Hungarian, when he saw
These great Italian Bartolists, who were
Call'd in, of purpose to explane the Law,
T'imbroyle it more, and make it much lesse cleere,
Caus'd them from out his Kingdome to withdraw
With this infestious skill some other-where:
Difficultatem fauit doctrina. Whose learning rather let men farther out,
And opened wider passages of doubt.

Seeing euen Iniustice may be regulare;
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions which in endlesse motion are
And th'Ordinances which are alwayes fixt.
Tenne thousand Lawes more, cannot reach so farre,
But Malice goes beyond, or liues immixt
So close with goodnesse, as it euer will
Corrupt, disguise or counterfeite it still.

And therefore did those glorious Monarchs, (who
Deuide with God the Stile of Maiestie
For being good, and had a care to do
The world right, and succour honestie)
Ordaine this sanctuarie whereunto
Th'oppresst might flie, this seate of Equitie,
Whereon thy vertues sit with faire renowne,
The greatest grace and glory of the Gowne.

Which *Equitie* being the ſoule of Law
The life of Iuſtice, and the Spirite of right,
Dwell's not in written Lines, or liues in awe
Of Bookes; deafe powres that haue nor eares, nor ſight:
But out of well-weigh'd circumſtance doth draw
The eſſence of a iudgement requiſite:
And is that Lesbian ſquare, that building fit,
Plies to the worke, not forc'th the worke to it.

Maintaining ſtill an equall paralell
Iuſt with th'occaſions of humanitie,
Making her iudgements euer liable
To the reſpect of peace and amitie:
When ſurly Law, ſterne, and vnaffable,
Cares onely but it ſelfe to ſatisfie:
And often, innocencie skarſe defends,
As that which on no circumſtance depends.

But *Equitie* that beares an euen raine
Vpon the preſent courſes, holds in awe,
By giuing hand alittle, and doth gaine
By a gentle relaxation of the Law;
And yet inviolable doth maintaine
The end whereto all conſtitutions draw;
Which is the well-fare of ſocietie
Conſiſting of an vpright pollicie.

Which firſt being by Neceſsitie compos'd,
Is by Neceſsitie maintain'd in beſt eſtate,
Where, whenas Iuſtice ſhal be ill diſpos'd
It ſickens the whole body of the State:
For if there be a paſſage once diſclos'd
That Wrong may enter at the ſelfe-ſame gate
Which ſerues for Right, cladde in a coate of Law,
What violent diſtempers may it draw?

Neceſſitas eſt lex temporum.

And therefore doſt thou ſtand to keepe the way,
And ſtoppe the courſe that malice ſeekes to runne
And by thy prouident *Iniunctions* ſtay
This neuer ending Altercation;
Sending contention home, to th'end men may
There make their peace, whereas their ſtrife begun:
And free theſe peſtred ſtreets they vainely weare
Whom both the State, and theirs, do need elſewhere.

Leſt th'humor which doth thus predominate
Conuert vnto it ſelfe all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger then debate,
And come t'exceede th'affaires it vndertakes:
As if the onely Science of the State
That tooke vp all our wits for gaine it makes;
Not for the good that thereby may be wrought
Which is not good if it be dearely bought.

A remedie for defending ill cauſes.

What ſhall we thinke when as ill cauſes ſhall
Inrich men more, and ſhall be more deſir'd
Then good, as farre more beneficiall?
Who then defends the good? who will be hir'd
To intertaine a right, whoſe gaine is ſmall?
Vnleſſe the Aduocate that hath conſpir'd
To pleade a wrong, be likewiſe made to runne
His Clients chaunce, and with him be vndunne.

So did the wiſeſt nations euer ſtriue
To binde the hands of Iuſtice vp ſo hard,
That leſt ſhe falling to prooue Lucratiue
Might baſely reach them out to rake reward:
Ordaining her proviſions fit to liue
Out of the publike as a publike Guard
That all preſerues, and all doth entertaine,
Whoſe end is onely glory, and not gaine.

That eu'n the Scepter which might all command,
Seeing her s' vnpartiall, equall, regulare,
Was pleas'd to put it ſelfe into her hand;
Whereby they both grew more admired farre.
And this is that great bleſsing of this land,
That both the Prince and people vſe one Barre,
The Prince, whoſe cauſe, (as not to be withſtood)
Is neuer badde but where himſelfe is good.

This is that Ballance which committed is
To thy moſt euen and religious hand;
Great Miniſter of Iuſtice, who by this
Shalt haue thy name, ſtill gratious in this land:
This is that ſeale of pow're which doth impreſſe
Thy Acts of right, which ſhall for euer ſtand:
This is that traine of State, that pompouſly
Attends vpon thy reu'rent dignitie.

All glory elſe beſides, ends with our breath,
And mens reſpects ſcarſe brings vs to our graue:
But this of doing good, muſt out-liue Death,
Aud haue a right out of the right it gaue:
Though th'act but few, th'example profiteth
Thouſands, that ſhall thereby a bleſsing haue.
The worlds reſpect growes not but on deſarts,
Powre may haue knees, but Iuſtice hath our harts.

TO

THE LORD HENRY HOWARD.

ONE OF HIS MAIESTIES PRIVIE COVNCEL.

PRaiſe, if it be not choice, and laide aright,
Can yeeld no luſtre where it is beſtowde,
Nor any way can grace the giuers Arte,
(Tho' it be a pleaſing colour to delight,)
For that no ground whereon it can be ſhew'd
Will beare it well, but Vertue and Deſart.
And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy vttrance, and commend them right,
As that which decks you much, and giues you grace,
Yet your cleere iudgement beſt deſerueth it,
Which in your courſe hath caried you vpright,
And made you to diſcerne the trueſt face,
And beſt complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the loue of men.
And held you in the tract of honeſtie
Which euer in the end we ſee ſucceed,
Though oft it may haue interrupted bin,
Both by the times and mens iniquitie.
For ſure thoſe actions which do fairely runne
In the right line of Honor, ſtill are thoſe
That get moſt cleane, and ſafeſt to their end,
And paſſe the beſt without confuſion,
Either in thoſe that act or elſe diſpoſe,
Hauing the ſcope made cleere whereto they tend.

When this by-path of cunning doth s'imbroile
And intricate the paſſage of affaires,
As that they ſeldome fairely can get out;
But coſt, with leſſe ſucceſſe, more care and toile
Whilſt doubt and the diſtruſted cauſe impaires
Their courage, who would elſe appeare more ſtout.
For though ſome hearts are builded ſo, that they
Haue diuers dores, whereby they may let out
Their wills abroad without diſturbancie,
Int'any courſe, and into eu'ry way
Of humour, that affection turnes about,
Yet haue the beſt but one t'haue paſſage by.
And that ſo ſurely warded with the Guarde
Of Conſcience and reſpect, as nothing muſt
Haue courſe that way, but with the certaine paſſe
Of a perſwaſiue right, which be'ng compard
With their conceipt, muſt thereto anſwere iuſt,
And ſo with due examination paſſe.
Which kind of men, rais'd of a better frame
Are meere religious, conſtant and vpright,
And bring the ableſt hands for any'effect,
And beſt beare vp the reputation, fame
And good opinion that the Action's right,
When th'vndertakers are without ſuſpect.
But when the bodie of an enterpriſe
Shall goe one way, the face another way,
As if it did but mocke a weaker truſt,
The motion being monſtrous cannot riſe
To any good, but falls downe to bewray
That all pretences ſerue for things vniuſt.
Eſpecially where th'action will allow
Apparancie, or that it hath a courſe
Concentrike with the Vniuerſall frame
Of men combind, whom it concerneth how

Theſe motions turne and intertaine their force,
Hauing their being reſting on the ſame.
And be it, that the vulgare are but groſſe
Yet are they capable of truth, and ſee,
And ſometimes geſſe the right, and doe conceiue
The Nature of that text, that needes a gloſſe,
And wholy neuer can deluded be,
All may a few, few cannot all deceiue.
And theſe ſtrange diſproportions in the traine
And courſe of things, do euermore proceede
From th'ill-ſet diſpoſition of their minds,
Who in their actions cannot but retaine
Th'incumbred formes which do within them breede,
And which they cannot ſhew but in their kindes.
Whereas the wayes and councells of the Light,
So ſort with valour and with manlineſſe,
As that they carry things aſſuredly
Vndazeling of their owne or others ſight:
There be'ng a bleſsing that doth giue ſucceſſe
To worthineſſe, and vnto conſtancie.
And though ſometimes th'euent may fall amiſſe,
Yet ſhall it ſtill haue honour for th'attempt,
When Craft begins with feare, and endes with ſhame,
And in the whole deſigne perplexed is.
Vertue, though luckeleſſe; yet ſhal skape contempt,
And though it hath not hap, it ſhall haue fame.

TO

THE LADY MARGARET COVNTESSE OF CVMBERLAND.

HE that of ſuch a height hath built his minde,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts ſo ſtrong
As neither Feare nor Hope can ſhake the frame
Of his reſolued powres, nor all the windes
Of Vanitie or Malice, pierce to wrong
His ſetled peace, or to diſturbe the ſame,
What a faire ſeate hath he from whence hee may
The boundleſſe waſtes, and weilds of man ſurvay.

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe,
Vpon theſe lower Regions of turmoyle,
Where all theſe ſtormes of paſſions mainely beate
On fleſh and blood, where honor, power, renowne
Are onely gay afflictions, golden toyle,
Where Greatneſſe ſtands vpon as feeble feete
As Frailtie doth, and only great doth ſeeme
To little mindes, who do it ſo eſteeme.

He lookes vpon the mightieſt Monarchs warres
But onely as on ſtately robberies,
Where euermore the fortune that preuailes
Muſt be the right, the ill-ſucceeding marres
The faireſt and the beſt-fac't enterprize:
Great Pyrat *Pompey*, leſſer Pyrats quailes,
Iuſtice, he ſees, as if ſeduced, ſtill
Conſpires with powre, whoſe cauſe muſt not be ill.

He ſees the face of *Right* t'appeare as manyfold
As are the paſsions of vncertaine man,
Who puts it in all coulours, all attires
To ſerue his ends, and make his courſes hold:
He ſees that let Deceit worke what it can,
Plot and contriue baſe wayes to high deſires,
That the all-guiding Prouidence doth yet
All diſappoint, and mockes this ſmoake of wit.

Nor is he moou'd with all the thunder crackes
Of Tyrants threats, or with the ſurly brew
Of power, that prowdly ſits on others crimes,
Chardg'd with more crying ſinnes, then thoſe he checks:
The ſtormes of ſad confuſion that may grow
Vp in the preſent, for the cumming times,
Appall not him, that hath no ſide at all
But of himſelfe, and knowes the worſt can fall.

Although his hart ſo neere allied to earth,
Cannot but pittie the perplexed State
Of troublous, and diſtreſt mortalitie,
That thus make way vnto the ougly birth
Of their owne ſorrowes, and doe ſtill beget
Affliction vpon imbecilitie:
Yet ſeeing thus the courſe of things muſt run,
He lookes thereon, not ſtrange, but as foredun.

And whilſt diſtraught Ambition compaſſes
And is incompaſt, whil'ſt as craft deceiues
And is deceiu'd, whil'ſt man doth ranſack man
And builds on bloud, and riſes by diſtreſſe,
And th'inheritance of deſolation leaues
To great expecting hopes, he lookes thereon
As from the ſhore of peace with vnwet eye
And beares no venture in impietie.

Thus,

Thus, Madame, fares the man that hath prepar'd
A reſt for his deſires, and ſees all things
Beneath him, and hath learn't this booke of man,
Full of the notes of frailtie, and compar'd
The beſt of glory with her ſufferings,
By whom I ſee you labour all you can
To plant your heart, and ſet your thought as neere
His glorious manſion, as your powres can beare.

Which, Madame, are ſo ſoundly faſhioned,
By that cleere iudgement that hath caried you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kinde,
As they can ſtand againſt the ſtrongeſt head
Paſsion can make, inur'd to any hew
The world can caſt, that cannot caſt that minde
Out of her forme of goodneſſe, that doth ſee
Both what the beſt and worſt of earth can bee.

Which makes, that whatſoeuer here befalles,
You in the region of your ſelfe remaine,
Where no vaine breath of th'impudent moleſts,
That hath ſecur'd within the braſen walls
Of a cleere conſcience, that without all ſtaine
Riſes in peace, in innocencie reſts:
Whilſt all what malice from without procures,
Shews her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none reioyce more in reuenge
Then women vſe to doe, yet you well know,
That wrong is better checkt, by being contemn'd,
Then being purſu'd, leauing to him it auenge
To whom it appertaines, wherein you ſhow
How worthily your Clearenеſſe hath condemn'd
Baſe malediction, liuing in the darke,
That at the raies of goodneſſe ſtill doth barke.

Knowing the heart of man is ſet to be
The centre of his world, about the which
Theſe reuolutions of diſturbances
Still roule, where all th'aſpects of miſerie
Predominate, whoſe ſtrong effects are ſuch
As he muſt beare, being powrelelſe to redreſſe,
And that vnleſſe aboue himſelfe he can
Erect himſelfe, how poore a thing is man?

And how turmoyld they are that leuell lie
With earth, and cannot lift themſelues from thence,
That neuer are at peace with their deſires,
But worke beyond their yeares, and euen deny
Dotage her reſt, and hardly will diſpence
With Death: that when ability expires,
Deſire liues ſtill, ſo much delight they haue
To carry toile, and trauaile to the graue.

Whoſe ends you ſee, and what can be the beſt
They reach vnto, when they haue caſt the ſumme
And recknings of their glory, and you know
This floting life hath but this Port of reſt,
A heart prepar'd that feares no ill to come:
And that mans greatneſſe reſts but in his ſhow;
The beſt of all whoſe dayes conſumed are,
Eyther in warre, or peace conceiuing warre.

This Concord (Madame) of a wel-tun'd minde
Hath beene ſo ſet by that all-working hand
Of heauen, that though the world hath done his worſt,
To put it out, by diſcords moſt vnkinde,
Yet doth it ſtill in perfect vnion ſtand
With God and Man, nor euer will be forc't
From that moſt ſweete accord, but ſtill agree
Equall in Fortunes inequalitie.

And

And this note(Madame)of your Worthines
Remaines recorded in ſo many Hearts
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In th'inheritance of Fame you muſt poſſeſſe,
You that haue built you by your great deſarts,
Out of ſmall meanes, a farre more exquiſite
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name
Then all the gold of leaden mindes can frame.

S. D.

TO

THE LADY LVCIE, COVNTESSE OF BEDFORD.

THough virtue be the ſame when low ſhe ſtands
In th'humble ſhadowes of obſcuritie
As when ſhe either ſweats in martiall bands,
Or ſits in Court, clad with authoritie:
Yet Madame, doth the ſtrictneſſe of her roome
Greatly detract from her abilitie:
For as inwalld within a liuing tombe
Her handes and armes of action, labour not;
Her thoughts as if abortiue from the wombe,
Come neuer borne, though happily begot.
But where ſhe ſhath mounted in open ſight
An eminent, and ſpacious dwelling got.
Where ſhee may ſtirre at will, and vſe her might,
There is ſhe more her ſelfe, and more her owne:
There in the faire attyre of honour dight,
She ſits at eaſe and makes her glory knowne,
And all with attentiue hands, her diuelect ſtate grace,
Her worth new-borne is ſtraight as if full growne,
With ſuch a goodly and reſpected face
Doth vertue looke, that's ſet to looke from hie,
And ſuch a faire aduantage by her place
Hath ſtate and greatneſſe to doe worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meete
With her, that gracing you, comes grac't thereby,
And well was let into a houſe ſo ſweete
So good, ſo faire; ſo faire, ſo good a gueſt,
Who now remaines as bleſſed in her ſeate,

As

As you are with her residencie blesst.
And this faire course of knowledge whereunto
Your studies, learned Lady, are addrest,
Is th'onely certaine way that you can goe
Vnto true glory, to true happines:
All passages on earth besides, are so
Incumbred with such vaine disturbances,
As still we loose our rest, in seeking it,
Being but deluded with apparances.
And no key had you else that was so fit
T'vnlocke that prison of your Sex, as this,
To let you out of weakenesse, and admit
Your powers into the freedome of that blisse
That sets you there where you may ouersee
This rowling world, and view it as it is,
And apprehend how th'outsides do agree
With th'inward being of the things, we deeme
And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be
Of highest value, and of best esteeme.
Since all the good we haue rests in the mind,
By whose proportions onely we redeeme
Our thoughts from out confusion, and do finde
The measure of our selues, and of our powres.
And that all happinesse remaines confind
Within the Kingdome of this breast of ours.
Without whose bounds, all that we looke on, lies
In others Iurisdictions, others powres,
Out of the circuit of our liberties.
All glory, honor, fame, applause, renowne,
Are not belonging to our royalties,
But t'others wills, wherein th'are onely growne.
And that vnlesse we finde vs all within,
We neuer can without vs be our owne:
Nor call it right, our life we liue in.
But a possession held for others vse,
That seeme to haue most int'rest therein.

Which we do ſo diſſeuer, parte, traduce,
Let out to cuſtome faſhion and to ſhew
As we enioy but onely the abuſe,
And haue no other Deed at all to ſhew.
How oft are we conſtrained to appeare
With other countenance then that we owe,
And be our ſelues farre off, when we are neere?
How oft are we forc't on a clowdie hart,
To ſet a ſhining face, and make it cleere.
Seeming content to put our ſelues apart,
To beare a part of others weakneſſes:
As if we onely were compos'd by Arte,
Not Nature, and did all our deedes addreſſe
T'opinion, not t'a conſcience what is right:
As fram'd b'example, not aduiſedneſſe
Into thoſe formes that intertaine our ſight.
And though Bookes, Madame, cannot make this minde,
Which we muſt bring apt to be ſet aright,
Yet do they rectifie it in that kinde,
And touch it ſo, as that it turnes that way
Where iudgement lies: And though we cannot finde
The certaine place of truth, yet doe they ſtay,
And intertaine vs neere about the ſame.
And giue the Soule the beſt delights that may
Encheere it moſt, and moſt our ſpirits inflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.
And therefore in a courſe that beſt became
The cleereneſſe of your heart, and beſt commends
Your worthy powres, you runne the righteſt way
That is on Earth, that can true glory giue,
By which when all conſumes, your fame ſhal liue.

To

TO

THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.

VNto the tender youth of thoſe faire eyes
The light of iudgement can ariſe but new
And yong the world appeares t'a yong conceit,
Whilſt thorow th'vnacquainted faculties
The late inueſted ſoule doth rawly view
Thoſe Obiects which on that diſcretion waite.
Yet you that ſuch a faire aduantage haue,
Both by your birth, and happy powres t'out-go,
And be before your yeares, can fairely gueſſe
What hew of life holdes ſureſt without ſtaine,
Hauing your well-wrought hart full furniſhe ſo
With all the ſmages of worthineſſe,
As there is left no roome at all t'inueſt
Figures of other forme but Sanctities:
Whilſt yet thoſe cleane-created thoughts, within
The Garden of your innocencies reſt,
Where are no notions of deformitie
Nor any dore at all to let them in.
With ſo great care doth ſhee, that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorne
That better parte, the manſion of your minde,
With all the richeſt furniture of worth,
To make y'as highly good as highly borne,
And ſet your vertues equall to your kinde.
She tells you how that honour onely is
A goodly garment put on faire defarts,
Wherin the ſmalleſt ſtaine is greateſt ſeene,

And

And that it cannot grace vnworthineſſe;
But more apparant ſhewes defectiue partes,
How gay ſoeuer they are deckt therein.
She tells you too, how that it bounded is,
And kept incloſed with ſo many eyes,
As that it cannot ſtray and breake abroade
Into the priuate wayes of careleſſeneſſe,
Nor euer may deſcend to vulgarize,
Or be below the ſphere of her abode.
But like to thoſe ſupernall bodies ſet
Within their Orbs, muſt keep the certaine courſe
Of order, deſtin'd to their proper place;
Which only doth their note of glory get.
Th'irregulare apparances inforce
A ſhort reſpect, and periſh without grace.
Being Meteors ſeeming hie, but yet low plac't,
Blazing but while their dying matters laſt,
Nor can we take the iuſt height of the minde,
But by that order which her courſe doth ſhew,
And which ſuch ſplendor to her actions giues,
And thereby men her eminencie finde,
And thereby only do attaine to know
The Region, and the *orbe* wherein ſhe liues.
For low in th'aire of groſſe vncertaintie,
Cofuſion onely rowles, Order ſits hie:
And therefore ſince the deareſt thing on earth,
This honour, Madame, hath his ſtately frame
From th'heau'nly order, which begets reſpect,
And that your nature, vertue, happy birth,
Haue therein highly interplac'd your name,
You may not runne the leaſt courſe of neglect.
For where, not to obſerue, is to prophane
Your dignitie, how carefull muſt you be
To be your ſelfe, and though you may to all
Shine faire aſpects, yet muſt the vertuous gaine

The

The beſt effects of your benignitie:
Nor muſt your common graces cauſe to fall
The price of your eſteeme t'a lower rate,
Then doth befit the pitch of your eſtate.
Nor may you build on your ſufficiency,
For in our ſtrongeſt partes we are but weake,
Nor yet may ouer-much diſtruſt the ſame,
Leſt that you come to checke it ſo thereby,
As ſilence may become worſe than to ſpeake;
Though ſilence women neuer ill became.
And none, we ſee, were euer ouerthrowne
By others flattery more than by their owne.
For though we liue amongſt the tongues of praiſe
And troopes of ſoothing people, that collaud
All that we do, yet t'is within our harts
Th'ambuſhment lies, that euermore betraies
Our iudgements, when our ſelues become t'applaud
Our owne abilitie, and our owne parts.
So that we muſt not onely fence this forte
Of ours, againſt all others fraud, but moſt
Againſt our owne, whoſe danger is the moſt,
Becauſe we lie the neereſt to doe hurt,
And ſoon'ſt deceiue our ſelues, and ſoon'ſt are loſt
By our beſt powres that do vs moſt tranſport.
Such are your holy bounds, who muſt conuay
(If God ſo pleaſe) the honourable bloud
Of *Clifford*, and of *Ruſſell*, led aright
To many worthy ſtemmes whoſe off-ſpring may
Looke backe with comfort, to haue had that good
To ſpring from ſuch a branch that grew s'vpright;
Since nothing cheeres the heart of greatneſſe more
Then th'Anceſtors faire glory gone before.

To Henry Wriothesly Erle of Southampton.

Non fert vllum illum illæsa felicitas.

HE who hath neuer warr'd with misery,
Nor euer tugg'd with Fortune, and Distresse
Hath had n'occasion nor no field to trie
The strength and forces of his worthinesse:
Those partes of iudgement which felicitie
Keepes as conceal'd, affliction must expresse;
And only men shew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had neuer taken so full note
Of what thou arte, hadst thou not beene vndone,
And onely thy affliction hath begot
More fame then thy best fortunes could haue done:
For euer by aduersitie are wrought
The greatest workes of admiration,
And all the faire examples of renowne,
Out of distresse and misery are growne.

Mutius the fire, the torturs *Regulus*,
Did make the miracles of Faith and Zeale:
Exile renown'd, and Grac'd *Rutilius*:
Imprisonment, and Poyson did reueale
The worth of *Socrates*: *Fabricius*
Pouertie did grace that Common-weale
More then all *Syllaes* riches got with strife,
And *Catoes* death did vie with *Cæsars* life.

To Th'Erle Of Sovth:

Not to b'vnhappy is vnhappineſſe;
And miſerie not t'haue knowne miſery:
For the beſt way vnto diſcretion is
The way that leads vs by aduerſitie:
And men are better ſhew'd what is amiſſe,
By th'expert finger of Calamitie,
Then they can be with all that Fortune brings,
Who neuer ſhewes them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'ſt haue indur'd
With a repoſed cheere, wrong and diſgrace,
And with a heart and countenance aſſur'd
Haue look't ſterne Death, and Horror in the face?
How ſhould we know thy ſoule had bin ſecur'd
In honeſt councels, and in wayes vnbaſe?
Hadſt thou not ſtood to ſhew vs what thou wert,
By thy affliction, that deſcride thy heart.

It is not but the Tempeſt that doth ſhew
The Sea-mans cunning: but the field that tries
The Captaines courage: and we come to know
Beſt what men are, in their worſt ieoperdies:
For lo, how many haue we ſeene to grow
To hie renowne from loweſt miſeries,
Out of the hands of death, and many a one
T'haue bin vndone, had they not bin vndone.

He that indures for what his conſcience knowes
Not to be ill, doth from a patience hie
Looke, onely on the cauſe whereto he owes
Thoſe ſufferings, not on his miſerie:
The more h'indures, the more his glory growes,
Which neuer growes from imbecilitie:
Onely the beſt compos'd, and worthieſt harts,
God ſets to act the hard'ſt and conſtant'ſt parts.

THe passion of a distressed man, who being in a tempest on the Sea, and hauing in his Boate two women, of whom he loued the one that disdained him, and scorned the other, who affected him, was by commandement from Neptune, to cast out one of them to appease the rage of the tempest, but which, was referred to his owne choyce.

MY vnkinde loue, or she that loues me deare,
Neptune will haue cast forth to calme these Seas:
One of these two or all must perish here,
And therfore now which shall I saue of these?
Ah, doe I make a question which to saue,
When my desires share but one onely part?
Who should it be, but shee to whom I haue
Resign'd my life: and sacrific'd my hart?
Shee, shee must liue, the tempests of whose brow
Confound me more then all these stormes can doe,
And but for whom I liue, and therefore how
Can any life be life, lesse she liue too?
For by that meanes I both may pacifie
The rigor of these waues, and her hard hart
Who must saue him, who would not let her die,
Nor can she but reward so great desart,
Shee cannot but in mercie needes must giue
Comfort to him by whom her selfe doth liue.

Pars altera.

BVt shall the blood of her that loues me then,
Be sacrifizd to her disdainefulnesse
That scornes my loue, and shall I hope to winne
Mercy from her by being mercilesse?
Will not her safetie being thus attain'd,
Raise her prowd hart't a higher set of scorne,
When she shall see my passions are distaind
With bloud, although it were to serue her turne,

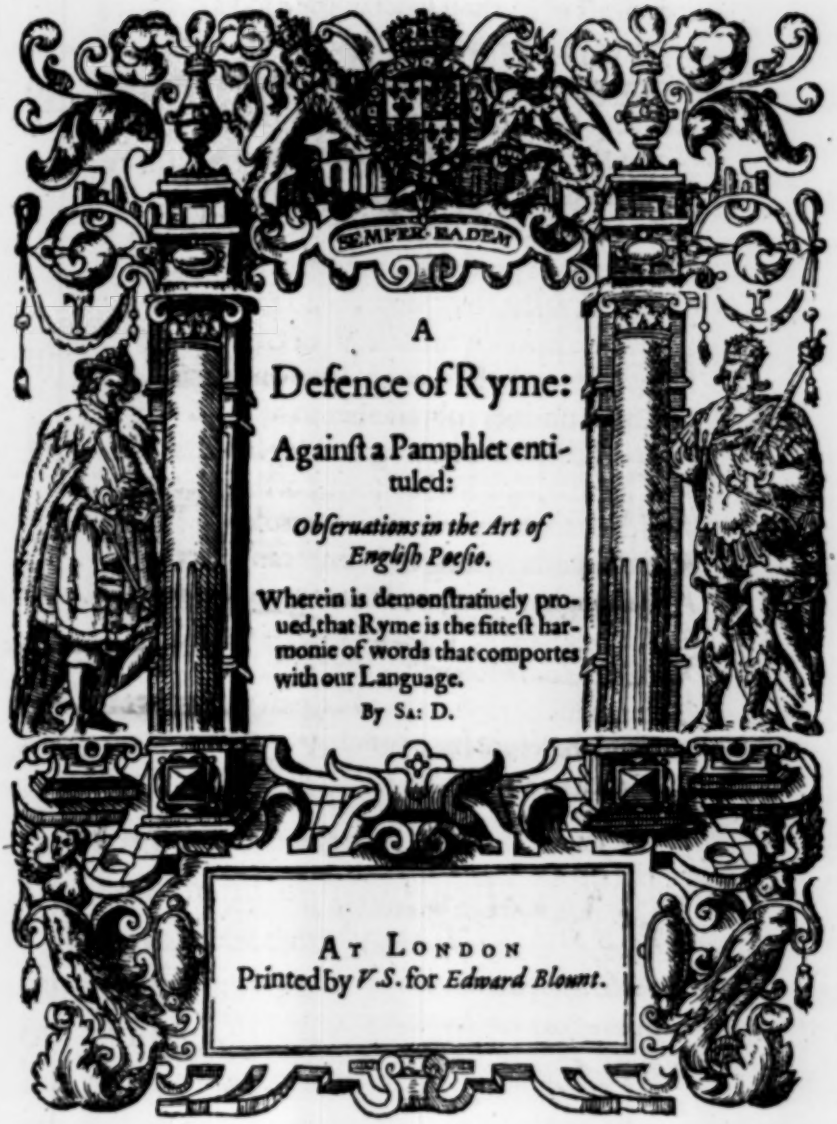
Since th'act of ill, though it fall good to vs
Makes vs yet hate the doer of the same:
And though my hand shall haue preseru'd her thus,
Yet being by cruell meanes, it is my shame.
Which she will but ascribe to my defects,
And th'imperfections of my passions, which
She knowes the influence of her eyes effects,
And therein ioyes t'haue vanquisht me so much.
And when desart shal seeme t'exact reward,
It breedes a loathing in the heart of Grace
That must worke free, out of her owne regard,
And haue no dues t'obraide her to her face.
So shall I then haue bent against my soule
Both her disdaine, and th'horror of that Deede,
Which euer must my crueltie controle,
And checke the wrong that neuer can succeed.
And though it be requir'd that one must goe,
By message sent me, from the powres diuine,
Yet will I not redeeme my safery so,
Though life be in their hands, death is in mine,
And therefore since compassion cannot be
Cruell to either *Neptune* take all three.

Resumptio.

BVt that were to be cruel to al three,
Rebell to Nature, and the Gods arrest,
Whose ordinances must obserued be,
Nor may our frailtie with the heauens contest.
Why then that must be done that's least vniust,
And my affections may not beare a part
With crueltie and wrong, but here I must
Be of a side, to goe against my heart,
And her disdaine hir due reward must haue
She must be cast away that would not saue.

S. D.

[4.]



A Defence of Ryme:

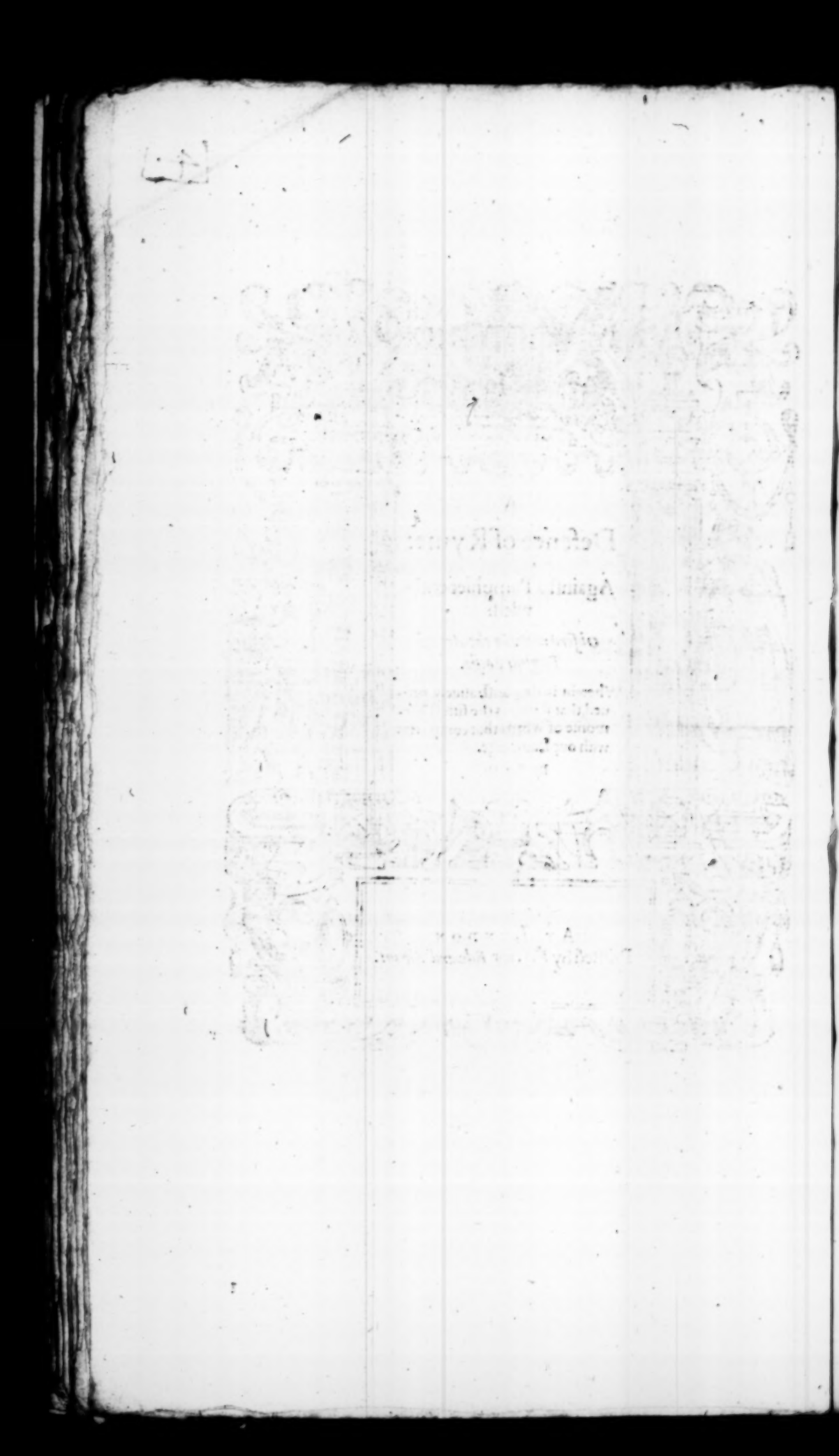
Againſt a Pamphlet entituled:

Obſeruations in the Art of Engliſh Poeſie.

Wherein is demonſtratiuely proued, that Ryme is the fitteſt harmonie of words that comportes with our Language.

By Sa: D.

AT LONDON
Printed by *V.S.* for *Edward Blount.*



To all the Worthie Louers and learned Professors of Ryme, within his Maiesties Dominions, S. D.

WOrthie Gentlemen, about a yeare since, vpon the great reproaching vnto the Professors of Rime, and the vse thereof, I wrote a priuate letter, as a defence of mine owne vndertakings in that kinde, to a learned Gentleman a great friend of mine, then in Court. Which I did, rather to confirm my selfe in mine owne courses, and to hold him from being wonne from vs, then with any desire to publish the same to the world.

But now, seeing the times to promise more regarde to the present condition of our writings, in respect of our Soueraignes happy inclination this way; whereby wee are rather to expect an incoragement to go on with what we do, then that any innouation should checke vs, with a shew of what

it would do in an other kinde, and yet doe nothing but deprave: I haue now giuen a greater body to the ſame Argument. And here preſent it to your view, vnder the patronage of a Noble Earle, who in bloud and nature is intereſſed to take our parte in this cauſe, with others, who cannot, I know, but holde deare the monuments that haue beene left vnto the world in this manner of compoſition. And who I truſt will take in good parte this my defence, if not as it is my particular, yet in reſpect of the cauſe I vndertake, which I heere inuoke you all to protect.

Sa: D.

TO WILLIAM HERBERT EARLE OF PEMBROKE.

THe Generall Custome, and vse of Ryme in this kingdome, Noble Lord, hauing beene so long (as it from a Graunt of Nature) held vnquestionable; made me to imagine that it lay altogether out of the way of contradiction, and was become so natural, as we should neuer haue had a thought to cast it off into reproch, or be made to thinke that it ill-became our language. But now I see, when there is opposition made to all things in the world by wordes, wee must nowe at length likewise fall to contend for words themselues, and make a question, whether they be right or not. For we are tolde how that our measures goe wrong, all Ryming is grosse, vulgare, barbarous, which if it be so, we haue lost much labour to no purpose: and for mine owne particular, I cannot but blame the fortune of the times and mine owne Genius that cast me vpon so wrong a course, drawne with the current of custome, and an vnexamined example. Hauing beene first incourag'd or frain'd thereunto by your most Worthy and Honourable Mother, receiuing the first notion for the formall ordering of those compositions at *Wilton*, which I must euer acknowledge to haue beene my best Schoole, and thereof alwayes am to hold a feeling and gratefull Memory. Afterward, drawne farther on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy Lord, the fosterer of mee and my *Muse*, I aduentured to bestow all my whole powers therein, perceiuing it agreed so well, both with the complexion of the times, and mine owne constitution, as I found not wherein I might better imploy me. But yet now, vpon the great discouery of these new measures, threatning to ouerthrow the whole state of Ryme in this kingdom, I must either stand out to defend, or else be forced to forsake my selfe, and giue ouer all. And

though irresolution and a selfe distrust be the most apparent faults of my nature, and that the least checke of reprehension, if it sauour of reason, will as easily shake my resolution as any mans liuing: yet in this case I know not how I am growne more resolued, and before I sinke, willing to examine what those powers of iudgement are, that must beare me downe, and beat me off from the station of my profession, which by the law of nature I am set to defend.

And the rather for that this detractor (whose commendable Rymes albeit now himselfe an enemy to ryme, haue giuen heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth) is a man of faire parts, and good reputation, and therefore the reproach forcibly cast from such a hand may throw downe more at once then the labors of many shall in long time build vp againe, specially vpon the slippery foundation of opinion, and the worlds inconstancy, which knowes not well what it would haue, and:

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis deridet quam quod probat & veneratur.

And he who is thus, become our vnkinde aduersarie, must pardon vs if we be as iealous of our fame and reputation, as hee is desirous of credite by his new-old arte, and must consider that we cannot, in a thing that concernes vs so neere, but haue a feeling of the wrong done, wherein euery Rymer in this vniuersall Iland as well as my selfe, stands interressed. So that if his charitie had equally drawne with his learning hee would haue forborne to procure the enuie of so powerfull a number vpon him, from whom he cannot but expect the returne of a like measure of blame, and onely haue made way to his owne grace, by the proofe of his abilitie, without the disparaging of vs, who would haue bin glad to haue stood quietly by him, & perhaps commended his aduenture, seeing that euermore of one science an other may be borne, & that these Salies made out of the quarter of our set knowledges, are the gallant proffers onely of attemptiue spirits, and commendable though they worke no other effect than make a Brauado: and I know it were *Indecens, & morosum nimis, alienæ industriæ, modum ponere*. We could well haue allowed of his numbers had he not disgraced our Ryme; Which both Custome and Nature doth most powerfullly defend. Custome that is before all Law, Nature that is aboue all Arte. Euery language hath her proper number or measure fitted to vse and delight, which, Custome intertaining by the allowance of the Eare, doth

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indenize, and make naturall. All verſe is but a frame of wordes confinde within certaine meaſure; differing from the ordinarie ſpeach, and introduced, the better to expreſſe mens conceipts, both for delight and memorie. Which frame of wordes conſiſting of *Rithmus* or *Metrum*, Number or Meaſure, are diſpoſed into diuers faſhions, according to the humour of the Compoſer and the ſet of the time; And theſe *Rhythmi* as *Ariſtotle* ſaith are familiar amongſt all Nations, and *è naturali & ſponte fuſa compoſitione*: And they fall as naturally already in our language as euer Art can make them; being ſuch as the Eare of it ſelfe doth marſhall in their proper roomes, and they of themſelues will not willingly be put out of their ranke; and that in ſuch a verſe as beſt comports with the Nature of our language. And for our Ryme (which is an excellencie added to this worke of meaſure, and a Harmonie, farre happier than any proportion Antiquitie could euer ſhew vs) dooth adde more grace, and hath more of delight than euer bare numbers, howſoeuer they can be forced to runne in our ſlow language, can poſſibly yeeld. Which, whether it be deriu'd of *Rhythmus*, or of *Romance* which were ſongs the *Bards* & *Druydes* about Rymes vſed, & therof were caled *Remenſi*, as ſome Italians hold; or howſoeuer, it is likewiſe number and harmonie of words, conſiſting of an agreeing ſound in the laſt ſilables of ſeuerall verſes, giuing both to the Eare an Eccho of a delightfull report & to the Memorie a deeper impreſſion of what is deliuered therein. For as Greeke and Latine verſe conſiſts of the number and quantitie of ſillables, ſo doth the Engliſh verſe of meaſure and accent. And though it doth not ſtrictly obſerue long and ſhort ſillables, yet it moſt religiouſly reſpects the accent: and as the ſhort and the long make number, ſo the Acute and graue accent yeelde harmonie: And harmonie is likewiſe number, ſo that the Engliſh verſe then hath number, meaſure and harmonie in the beſt proportion of Muſike. Which being more certain & more reſounding, works that effect of motion with as happy ſucceſſe as either the Greek or Latin. And ſo naturall a melody is it, & ſo vniuerſall as it ſeems to be generally beeing with al the nations of the world, as an hereditary eloquence proper to all mankind. The vniuerſallitie argues the generall power of it: for if the Barbarian vſe it, then it ſhews that it ſwaies th affection of the Barbarian, if ciuil nations practiſe it, it proues that it works vpon the harts of ciuil nations: If all, then that it hath a power in nature on all. *Georgieuz de Turcarum moribus*, hath an example of the Turkiſh

kiſh Rymes iuſt of the meaſure of our verſe of eleuen ſillables, in feminine Ryme: neuer begotten I am perſwaded by any example in *Europe*, but borne no doubt in *Scythia*, and brought ouer *Caucaſus* and *Mount Taurus*. The Sclauonian and Arabian tongs acquaint a great part of *Aſia* and *Affrique* with it; the Moſcouite, Polack, Hungarian, German, Italian, French, and Spaniard vſe no other harmonie of words. The Iriſh, Briton, Scot, Dane, Saxon, Engliſh, and all the Inhabiters of this Iland, either haue hither brought, or here found the ſame in vſe. And ſuch a force hath it in nature, or ſo made by nature, as the Latine numbers notwithſtanding their excellencie, ſeemed not ſufficient to ſatisfie the eare of the world thereunto accuſtomed, without this Harmonicall cadence: which made the moſt learned of all nations labour with exceeding trauaile to bring thoſe numbers likewiſe vnto it: which many did with that happineſſe, as neither their puritie of tongue, nor their materiall contemplations are thereby any way diſgraced, but rather deſerue to be reuerenced of all gratefull poſteritie, with the due regard of their worth. And for *Schola Salerna*, and thoſe *Carmina Prouerbiatia*, who finds not therein more precepts for vſe, concerning diet, health, and conuerſation, then *Cato*, *Theognies*, or all the Greekes and Latines can ſhew vs in that kinde of teaching: and that in ſo few words, both for delight to the eare, and the hold of memorie, as they are to be imbraced of all modeſt readers that ſtudio to know and not to depraue.

Me thinkes it is a ſtrange imperfection, that men ſhould thus ouer-runne the eſtimation of good things with ſo violent a cenſure, as though it muſt pleaſe none elſe, becauſe it likes not them. Whereas *Oportet arbitratores eſſe non contradictores eis qui verum iudicaturi ſunt*, ſaith *Ariſt.* though he could not obſerue it himſelfe. And milde Charitie tells vs:

——non ego paucis
Offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cauit natura.

For all men haue their errors, and we muſt take the beſt of their powers, and leaue the reſt as not appertaining vnto vs.

Ill cuſtomes are to be left, I graunt it: but I ſee not howe that can be taken for an ill cuſtome, which nature hath thus ratified, all nations receiued, time ſo long confirmed, the effects ſuch as it performes thoſe offices of motion for which it is imployed, delighting the eare, ſtirring the heart, and ſatisfying the iudge-

ment in ſuch ſort as I doubt whether euer ſingle numbers will do in our Climate, if they ſhew no more worke of wonder then yet we ſee. And if euer they proone to become any thing, it muſt be by the approbation of many ages that muſt giue them their ſtrength for any operation, or before the world will feele where the pulſe, life, and energielies, which now we are ſure where to haue in our Rymes, whoſe knowne frame hath thoſe due ſtaies for the minde, thoſe incounters of touch as makes the motion certaine, though the varietie be infinite. Nor will the Generall ſorte, for whom we write (the wiſe being aboue bookes) take theſe laboured meaſures but as an orderly proſe when wee haue all done. For this kinde acquaintance and continuall familiaritie euer had betwixt our eare and this cadence, is growne to ſo intimate a friendſhip, as it will nowe hardly euer be brought to miſſe it. For be the verſe neuer ſo good, neuer ſo full, it ſeemes not to ſatisfie nor breede that delight as when it is met and combined with a like ſounding accents. Which ſeemes as the ioinure without which it hangs looſe, and cannot ſubſiſt, but runnes wildely on, like a tedious fancie without a cloſe: ſuffer then the world to inioy that which it knowes, and what it likes. Seeing that whatſoeuer force of words doth moone, delight and ſway the affections of men, in what Scythian ſorte ſoeuer it be diſpoſed or vttered: that is true number, meaſure, eloquence, and the perfection of ſpeach: which I ſaid, hath as many ſhapes as there be tongues or nations in the world, nor can with all the tyrannicall Rules of idle Rhetorique be gouerned otherwiſe then cuſtome, and preſent obſeruation will allow. And being now the tryn, and faſhion of the times, to ſute a man otherwiſe cannot but giue a touch of ſingularity, for when hee hath all done, hee hath but found other clothes to the ſame body, and peraduenture not ſo fitting as the former. But could our Aduerſary hereby ſet vp the muſicke of our times to a higher note of iudgement and diſcretion, or could theſe new lawes of words better our imperfections, it were a happy attempt, but when hereby we ſhall but as it were change priſon, and put off theſe fetters to receiue others, what haue we gained, as good ſtill to vſe ryme and a little reaſon, as neither ryme nor reaſon, for no doubt as idle wits will write, in that kinde, as do now in this, imitation wil after, though it breake her necke. *Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.* And this multitude of idle writers can be no diſgrace to the good, for the ſame fortune in one proportion or other is proper in a like ſeaſon

to all States in their gumes: and the same vnheasureable confluence of Scribblers happned, when measures were most in vse among the Romanes, as we finde by this reprehension,

Mutauit mentem populus dementis, & calamus
Scribendi studio, pueris puerisque fuerunt
Frondentes euncti curas, quas premia dixit.

So that their plentie seemes to haue bred the same waste and contempt as ours doth now, though it had not power to disvalew what was worthy of posterinie, nor keep backe the reputation of excellencies, destined to continue for many ages. For seeing it is matter that satisfies the iudiciall, appeare it in what habite it will, all these pretended proportions of words, howsoeuer placed, can be but words, and peraduenture serue but to emburdle our vnderstanding, whilst seeking to please our eare, we inthrall our iudgement: to delight an exterior sense, wee smoothe vp a weake confused sense, affecting sound to be vnsound: and all to seeme *Seruare modum*, onely to imitate the Greekes and Latines, whose felicitie, in this kind, might be something to themselues, to whome their owne *idioma* was naturall, but to vs it can yeeld no other commoditie then a sound. We admire them not for their smooth-gliding words, nor their measures, but for their inuentions: which treasure, if it were to be found in Welch, and Irish, we should hold those languages in the same estimation, and they may thanke their sword that made their tongues so famous and vniuersall as they are. For to say truth, their Verse is many times but a confused deliuerer of their excellent conceits, whose scattered limbs we are faine to looke out and ioyne together, to discerne the image of what they represent vnto vs. And euen the Latines, who professe not to be so licentious as the Greekes, shew vs many times examples but of strange cruelties, in torturing and dismembring of wordes in the middest, or disioyning such as naturally should be married and march together, by setting them as farre asunder, as they can possibly stand: that sometimes, vnlesse the kind reader, out of his owne good nature, will stay them vp by their measure, they will fall downe into flatte prose, and sometimes are no other indeede in their naturall sound and then againe, when you finde them disobedient to their owne Lawes, you must hold it to be *licentia poetica*, and so dispensable. The striuing to shew their changable measures in the varietie of their Odes, haue beene very painefull no doubt vnto them, and forced them thus to disturbe the quiet streame of their wordes,

which

which by a naturall ſucceſſion otherwiſe deſire to follow in their due courſe.

But ſuch affliction doth labourſome curioſitie ſtill lay vpon our beſt delights (which euer muſt be made ſtrange and variable) as if Art were ordained to afflict Nature, and that we could not goe but in fetters. Euery ſcience, euery profeſſion, muſt be ſo wrapt vp in vnneceſſary intrications, as if it were not to faſhion, but to confound the vnderſtanding, which makes me much to diſtruſt man, and feare that our preſumption goes beyond our abilitie, and our Curioſitie is more than our Iudgement: laboring euer to ſeeme to be more than we are, or laying greater burthens vpon our mindes, then they are well able to beare, becauſe we would not appeare like other men.

And indeed I haue wiſhed there were not that multiplicitie of Rymes as is vſed by many in Sonets, which yet we ſee in ſome ſo happily to ſucceed, and hath beene ſo farre from hindering their inuentions, as it hath begot conceit beyond expectation, and comparable to the beſt inuentions of the world: for ſure in an eminent ſpirit whome Nature hath fitted for that myſterie, Ryme is no impediment to his conceit, but rather giues him wings to mount and carries him, not out of his courſe, but as it were beyond his power to a farre happier flight. Al excellencies being ſold vs at the hard price of labour, it followes, where we beſtow moſt thereof, we buy the beſt ſucceſſe: and Ryme being farre more laborious then looſe meaſures (whatſoeuer is obiected) muſt needs, meeting with wit and induſtry, breed greater and worthier effects in our language. So that if our labours haue wrought out a manumiſſion from bondage, and that wee goe at libertie, notwithſtanding theſe ties, wee are no longer the ſlaues of Ryme, but we make it a moſt excellent inſtrument to ſerue vs. Nor is this certaine limit obſerued in Sonnets, any tyrannicall bounding of the conceit, but rather a reducing it in *girum*, and a iuſt forme, neither too long for the ſhorteſt proiect, nor too ſhort for the longeſt, being but onely imployed for a preſent paſſion. For the body of our imagination, being as an vnformed *Chaos* without faſhion, without day, if by the diuine power of the ſpirit it be wrought into an Orbe of order and forme, is it not more pleaſing to Nature, that deſires a certaintie, and comports not with that which is infinite, to haue theſe clozes, rather than, not to know where to end, or how farre to goe, eſpecially ſeeing our paſſions are often without meaſure: and wee finde the beſt

of

of the latines many times, either not concluding, or els otherwiſe in the end then they began. Beſides, is it not moſt delightfull to ſee much excellently ordred in a ſmall roome, or little, gallantly diſpoſed and made to fill vp a ſpace of like capacitie, in ſuch ſort, that the one would not appeare ſo beautifull in a larger circuite, nor the other do well in a leſſe: which often we find to be ſo, according to the powers of nature, in the workeman. And theſe limited proportions, and reſts of Stanzes: conſiſting of 6. 7. or 8. lines are of that happines, both for the diſpoſition of the matter, the apt planting the ſentence where it may beſt ſtand to hit, the certaine cloſe of delight with the full body of a iuſt period well carried, is ſuch, as neither the Greekes or Latines euer attained vnto. For their boundleſſe running on, often ſo confounds the Reader, that hauing once loſt himſelfe, muſt either giue off vnſatisfied, or vncertainely caſt backe to retriue the eſcaped ſence, and to find way againe into his matter.

Me thinkes we ſhould not ſo ſoone yeeld our conſents captiue to the authoritie of Antiquitie, vnleſſe we ſaw more reaſon: all our vnderſtandings are not to be built by the ſquare of *Greece* and *Italie*. We are the children of nature as well as they, we are not ſo placed out of the way of iudgement, but that the ſame Sunne of Diſcretion ſhineth vppon vs, wee haue our portion of the ſame vertues as well as of the ſame vices; *Et Catilinam quoeunque in populo videas, quocunque ſub axe.* Time and the turne of things bring about theſe faculties according to the preſent eſtimation: and, *Res temporibus non tempora rebus ſeruire oportet.* So that we muſt neuer rebell againſt vſe: *Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & vis & norma loquendi.* It is not the obſeruing of *Trochaicques* nor their *Iaimbicques*, that wil make our writings ought the wiſer: All their Poeſie, all their Philoſophie is nothing, vnleſſe we bring the diſcerning light of conceipt with vs to apply it to vſe. It is not bookes, but onely that great booke of the world, and the all-ouerſpreading grace of heauen that makes men truely iudiciall. Nor can it be but a touch of arrogant ignorance, to hold this or that nation Barbarous, theſe or thoſe times groſſe, conſidering how this manifold creature man, whereſoeuer hee ſtand in the world, hath alwayes ſome diſpoſition of worth, intertaines the order of ſocietie, affects that which is moſt in vſe, and is eminent in ſome one thing or other, that fits his humour and the times. The Grecians held all other nations barbarous but themſelues, yet *Pirrhus* when he ſaw the well ordered marching of the Romaner,

manes, which made them see their presumptuous errour, could say it was no barbarous maner of proceeding. The *Gothes, Vandales* and *Longobards*, whose comming downe like an inundation ouerwhelmed, as they say, al the glory of learning in *Europe*, haue yet left vs still their lawes and customes, as the originalls of most of the prouinciall constitutions of Christendome; which well considered with their other courses of gouernement, may serue to cleere them from this imputation of ignorance. And though the vanquished neuer yet spake well of the Conquerour: yet euen thorow the vnsound couerings of malediction appeare those monuments of trueth, as argue wel their worth and proues them not without iudgement, though without Greeke and Latine.

Will not experience confute vs, if wee shoulde say the state of *China*, which neuer heard of Anapestiques, Trochies, and Tribracques, were grosse, barbarous, and vnciuile? And is it not a most apparant ignorance, both of the succession of learning in *Europe*, and the generall course of things, *to say, that all lay pittifully deformed in those lacke learning times from the declining of the Romane Empire, till the light of the Latine tongue was reuiued by* Rewcline, Erasmus *and* Moore. When for three hundred yeeres before them about the comming downe of *Tamburlaine* into *Europe*, *Franciscus Petrarcha* (who then no doubt likewise found whom to imitate) shewed all the best notions of learning, in that degree of excellencie, both in Latin, Prose and Verse, and in the vulgare Italian, as all the wittes of posteritie haue not yet much ouer-matched him in all kindes to this day: his great Volumes written in Moral Philosophie, shew his infinite reading, and most happy power of disposition: his twelue Æglogues, his *Affrica* containing nine Bookes of the last Punicke warre, with his three Bookes of Epistles in Latine verse, shew all the transformations of wit and inuention, that a Spirite naturally borne to the inheritance of Poetrie & iudiciall knowledge could expresse: All which notwithstanding wrought him not that glory & fame with his owne Nation, as did his Poems in Italian, which they esteeme aboue al whatsoeuer wit could haue inuented in any other forme then wherein it is: which questionles they wil not change with the best measures, Greeks or Latins can shew them, howsoeuer our Aduersary imagines. Nor could this very same innouation in Verse, begun amongst them by *C. Talmai*, haue die in the attempt, and was buried as soone as it came borne, neglected as a prodigious & vnnaturall issue amongst them: nor could

it neuer induce *Taſſo* the wonder of *Italy*, to write that admirable Poem of *Ieruſalem*, comparable to the beſt of the ancients, in any other forme then the accuſtomed verſe. And with *Petrarch* liued his ſcholer *Boccacius*, and neere about the ſame time, *Iohannis Rauenenſis*, and from theſe *tanquam ex equo Troiano*, ſeemes to haue iſſued all thoſe famous Italian Writers, *Leonardus Aretinus*, *Laurentius Valla*, *Poggius*, *Blondus*, and many others. Then *Emmanuel Chryſoloras* a Conſtantinopolitan gentleman, renowmed for his learning and vertue, being imployed by *Iohn Palæologus* Emperour of the Eaſt, to implore the ayde of chriſtian Princes, for the ſuccouring of periſhing *Greece*: and vnderſtanding in the meane time, how *Baiazeth* was taken priſoner by *Tamburlan*, and his country freed from danger, ſtayed ſtill at *Venice*, and there taught the Greeke tongue, diſcontinued before, in theſe parts the ſpace of ſeauen hundred yeeres. Him followed *Beſſarion*, *George Trapezuntius*, *Theodore Gaza*, & others, tranſporting Philoſophie beaten by the Turke out of *Greece* into chriſtendome. Hereupon came that mightie confluence of Learning in theſe parts, which returning, as it were *per poſtliminium*, and heere meeting then with the new inuented ſtampe of Printing, ſpread it ſelfe indeed in a more vniuerſall ſorte then the world euer heeretofore had it. When *Pomponius Lætus*, *AEneas Syluius*, *Angelus Politianus*, *Hermolaus Barbarus*, *Iohannes Picus de Mirandula* the miracle & Phœnix of the world, adorned *Italie*, and wakened vp other Nations likewiſe with this deſire of glory, long before it brought foorth, *Rewclen*, *Eraſmus*, and *Moore*, worthy men I confeſſe, and the laſt a great ornament to this land, and a Rymer. And yet long before all theſe, and likewiſe with theſe, was not our Nation behind in her portion of ſpirite and worthineſſe, but concurrent with the beſt of all this lettered worlde: witneſſe venerable *Bede*, that flouriſhed aboue a thouſand yeeres ſince: *Aldelmus Duroteimus* that liued in the yeere 739. of whom we finde this commendation regiſtred. *Omnium Poetarum ſui temporis facile primus, tanta eloquentiæ, maieſtatis & eruditionis homo fuit, vt nunquam ſatis admirari poſſim vnde illi in tam barbara ac rudi ætate facundia accreuerit, vſque adeo omnibus numeris terſa, elegans & rotunda, verſus edidit cum antiquitate de palma contendentes.* Witneſſe *Ioſephus Deuonius*, who wrote *de bello Troiano*, in ſo excellent manner, and ſo neere reſembling Antiquitie, as Printing his Worke beyond the Seas, they haue aſcribed it to *Cornelius Nepos*, one of the Ancients.

What ſhould I name *Walterus Mape*, *Gulielmus Nigellus*, *Ger-*

Gernaſius Tilburienſis, Bracton, Bacon, Ockam, and an infinite Catalogue of excellent men, moſt of them liuing about foure hundred yeares ſince, and haue left behinde them monuments of moſt profound iudgement and learning in all ſciences. So that it is but the clowds gathered about our owne iudgement that makes vs thinke all other ages wrapt vp in miſts, and the great diſtance betwixt vs, that cauſes vs to imagine men ſo farre off, to be ſo little in reſpect of our ſelues. We muſt not looke vpon the immenſe courſe of times paſt, as men ouer-looke ſpacious and wide countries, from off high Mountaines and are neuer the neere to iudge of the true Nature of the ſoyle, or the particular ſyte and face of thoſe territories they ſee. Nor muſt we thinke, viewing the ſuperficiall figure of a region in a Mappe that wee know ſtrait the faſhion and place as it is . Or reading an Hiſtorie (which is but a Mappe of men, and dooth no otherwiſe acquaint vs with the true Subſtance of Circumſtances, than a ſuperficiall Card dooth the Sea-man with a Coaſt neuer ſeene, which alwayes prooues other to the eye than the imagination forecaſt it) that preſently wee know all the world, and can diſtinctly iudge of times, men and maners, iuſt as they were. When the beſt meaſure of man is to be taken by his owne foote, bearing euer the neereſt proportion to himſelfe, and is neuer ſo farre different and vnequall in his powers, that he hath all in perfection at one time, and nothing at an other. The diſtribution of giftes are vniuerſall, and all ſeaſons hath them in ſome ſort. We muſt not thinke, but that there were *Scipioes, Cæſars, Catoes* and *Pompeies*, borne elſewhere then at *Rome*, the reſt of the world hath euer had them in the ſame degree of nature, though not of ſtate. And it is our weakeneſſe that makes vs miſtake, or miſconceiue in theſe deliniations of men the true figure of their worth. And our paſſion and beliefe is ſo apt to leade vs beyond truth, that vnleſſe we try them by the iuſt compaſſe of humanitie, and as they were men, we ſhall caſt their figures in the ayre when we ſhould make their models vpon Earth. It is not the contexture of words, but the effects of Action that giues glory to the times: we finde they had *thercurium in pectore* though not *in lingua*, and in all ages, though they were not Ciceronians, they knew the Art of men, which onely is, *γνῶθι σεαυτὸν*, the great gift of Heauen, and the chiefe grace and glory on earth; they had the learning of Gouernement, and ordering their State, Eloquence inough to ſhew their iudgements. And it ſeemes

the beſt times followed *Lycurgus* councell: *Literas ad vſum ſal-tem diſcebant, reliqua omnis diſciplina erat, vt pulchre parerent vt labores perferrent &c.* Had not vnlearned *Rome* laide the better foundation, and built the ſtronger frame of an admirable ſtate, eloquent *Rome* had confounded it vtterly, which we ſaw, ranne the way of all confuſion, the plaine courſe of diſſolution in her greateſt skill: and though ſhe had not power to vndoe her ſelfe, yet wrought ſhe ſo that ſhe caſt her ſelfe quite away from the glory of a common-wealth, and fell vpon that forme of ſtate ſhe euer moſt feared and abhorred of all other: and then ſcarſe was there ſeene any ſhadowe of pollicie vnder her firſt Emperours, but the moſt horrible and groſſe confuſion that could bee conceued, notwithſtanding it ſtil indured, preſeruing not only a Monarchie, locked vp in her own limits, but therewithall held vnder her obedience, ſo many Nations ſo farre diſtant, ſo ill affected, ſo diſorderly commanded & vniuſtly conquerd, as it is not to be attributed to any other fate but to the firſt frame of that common-wealth, which was ſo ſtrongly ioynted and with ſuch infinite combinations interlinckt, as one naile or other euer held vp the Maieſtie thereof. There is but one learning, which *omnes gentes habent ſcriptum in cordibus ſuis*, one and the ſelfe-ſame ſpirit that worketh in all. We haue but one body of Iuſtice, one body of Wiſedome throughout the whole world, which is but apparaled according to the faſhion of euery nation.

Eloquence and gay wordes are not of the Subſtance of wit, it is but the garniſh of a nice time, the Ornaments that doe but decke the houſe of a State, *& imitatur publicos mores*: Hunger is as well ſatisfied with meat ſerued in pewter as ſiluer. Diſcretion is the beſt meaſure, the righteſt foote in what habit ſoeuer it runne. *Eraſmus*, *Rowcline* and *More*, brought no more wiſdome into the world with all their newreuiued wordes then we finde was before, it bred not a profounder Diuine than Saint *Thomas*, a greater Lawyer than *Bartolus*, a more accute Logician than *Scotus*: nor are the effects of all this great amaſſe of eloquence ſo admirable or of that conſequence, but that *impexa illa antiquitas* can yet compare with them. Let vs go no further, but looke vpon the wonderfull Architecture of this ſtate of *England*, and ſee whether they were deformed times, that could giue it ſuch a forme. Where there is no one the leaſt piller of Maieſtie, but was ſet with moſt profound iudgement and borne vp with the iuſt conuchiencie of Prince and people. No Court of Iuſtice,

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but bide by the Rule and Square of Nature, and the best of the best learned among vs, that euer were in the world: so strong and substantial, as it hath stood against al the storms of factions, both of beliefe & ambition, which so powerfully beat upon it, and all the tempestuous alterations of humorous times, whatsoeuer. Being euer, naturally, in all ages furnisht with spirites fitte to maintaine the maiestie of her owne greatnes, and to match in an equall concurrencie all other kingdomes round about her with whome it had to incounter. But this innouation, like a Viper, must euer make way into the worlds opinion, thorow the bowelles of her owne breeding, & is alwayes borne with reproch in her mouth, the disgracing others is the best grace it can put on, so vaine re putation of wit, and yet is it neuer so wise as it would seeme, nor doth the world euer get so much by it, as it imagineth: which being so often deceiued, and seeing it neuer performes so much as it promises, me thinkes men should neuer giue more credite vnto it. For, let vs change neuer so often, we can not change man, our imperfections must still runne on with vs: And therefore the wiser Nations haue taught men to vse, *Meribus vtendum quæ præsentibus etiamsi deteriores sint*. The Lacedemonians, when a Musitian, thincking to winne himselfe credite by his new inuention, and be before his fellowes, had added one string more to his Crowde, brake his fiddle, and banished him the Cittie, holding the Innouation, though in the least things, dangerous to a publike societie. It is but a fantastike giddinesse to forsake the way of other men, especially where it lies tollerable: *Vbi nunc est respublica, ibi simus potius quam dum illam veterem sequimur, simus in nulla*. But shal we not tend to perfection? Yes, and that euer best, by going on in the course we are in, where we haue aduantage, being so farre onward, of him that is but now setting forth. For we shall neuer proceede, if wee be euer beginning, nor arriue at any certayne Porte, saying with all windes that blow: *Non convalescit planta quæ sæpius transfertur*, and therefore let vs hold on in the course wee haue vndertaken, and not still be wandring. Perfection is not the portion of man, and if it were, why may wee not as well get to it this way as an other? and suspect these great vndertakers, lest they haue conspired with enuy to betray our proceedings, and put vs by the honor of our attempts, with casting vs backe vpon an other course, of purpose to ouerthrow the whole action of glory when we lay the fairest for it, and were so neere our hopes. I thanke God that

I am none of theſe great Schollers, if thus their hie knowledges doe but giue them more eyes to looke out into vncertaintie and confuſion, ac counting my ſelfe, rather beholding to my ignorance, that hath ſet me in ſo lowe an vnder-roome of conceipt with other men, and hath giuen me as much diſtruſt, as it hath done hope, daring not aduenture to goe alone, but plodding on the plaine tract I finde beaten by Cuſtome and the Time, contenting me with what I ſee in vſe. And ſurely mee thinkes theſe great wittes ſhould rather ſeeke to adorne, than to diſgrace the preſent, bring ſomething to it, without taking from it what it hath. But it is euer the misfortune of Learning, to be wounded by her owne hand. *Stimulos dat emula virtus*, and when there is not abilitie to match what is, malice wil finde out ingines, either to diſgrace or ruine it, with a peruerſe incounter of ſome new impreſſion: and which is the greateſt miſery, it muſt euer proceed from the powers of the beſt reputation, as if the greateſt ſpirites were ordained to indanger the worlde, as the groſſe are to diſhonour it, and that we were to expect *ab optimis periculum, a peſſimis dedecus publicum*. Emulation the ſtrongeſt pulſe that beates in high mindes, is oftentimes a winde, but of the worſt effect: For whilſt the Soule comes diſappoynted of the obiect it wrought on, it preſently forges an other, and euen cozins it ſelfe, and croſſes all the world, rather than it wil ſtay to be vnder hir deſires, falling out with all it hath, to flatter and make faire that which it would haue. So that it is the ill ſucceſſe of our longings that with *Xerxes* makes vs to whippe the Sea, and ſend a cartel of defiance to mount *Athos*: and the fault laide vpon others weakeneſſe, is but a preſumptuous opinion of our owne ſtrength, who muſt not ſeeme to be maiſtered. But had our Aduerſary taught vs by his owne proceedings, this way of perfection, and therein fram'd vs a Poeme of that excellencie as ſhould haue put downe all, and beene the maiſter-peece of theſe times, we ſhould all haue admired him. But to depraue the preſent forme of writing, and to bring vs nothing but a few looſe and vncharitable Epigrammes, and yet would make vs belieue thoſe numbers were come to raiſe the glory of our language, giueth vs cauſe to ſuſpect the performance, and to examine whether this new Arte, *conſtat ſibi*, or, *aliquid ſit dictum quod non ſit dictum prius*.

Firſt we muſt heere imitate the Greekes and Latines, and yet we are heere ſhewed to diſobey them, euen in their owne numbers and quantities: taught to produce what they make ſhort, and

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make ſhort what they produce: made beleeue to be ſhewd meaſures in that forme we haue not ſeene, and no ſuch matter: tolde that heere is the perfect Art of verſifying, which in concluſion is yet confeſſed to be vnperfect, as if our Aduerſary to be oppoſite to vs, were become vnfaithfull to himſelfe, and ſeeking to leade vs out of the way of reputation, hath aduentured to intricate and confound him in his owne courſes, running vpon moſt vn-euen groundes, with imperfect rules, weake proofes, and vnlawfull lawes. Whereunto the world, I am perſwaded, is not ſo vnreaſonable as to ſubſcribe, conſidering the vniuſt authoritie of the Law-giuer. For who hath conſtituted him to be the *Radamanthus* thus to torture ſillables, and adiudge them their perpetuall doome, ſetting his *Theta* or marke of condemnation vppon them, to indure the appoynted ſentence of his crueltie, as hee ſhall diſpoſe. As though there were that diſobedience in our wordes, as they would not be ruled or ſtand in order without ſo many intricate Lawes, which would argue a great peruerſeneſſe amongſt them, according to that, *in peſſima republica plurima leges*: or, that they were ſo farre gone from the quiet freedome of nature, that they muſt thus be brought backe againe by force. And now in what caſe were this poore ſtate of words, if in like ſorte another tyrant the next yeere ſhould ariſe and abrogate theſe lawes and ordaine others cleane contrary according to his humor, and ſay that they were onely right, the others vniuſt, what diſturbance were there here, to whome ſhould we obey? Were it not farre better to holde vs faſt to our old cuſtome, than to ſtand thus diſtracted with vncertaine Lawes, wherein Right ſhal haue as many faces as it pleaſes Paſſion to make it, that whereſoeuer mens affections ſtand, it ſhall ſtill looke that way. What trifles doth our vnconſtant curioſitie cal vp to contend for, what colours are there laid vpon indifferent things to make them ſeeme other then they are, as if it were but only to intertaine conteſtation amongſt men; who ſtanding according to the proſpective of their owne humour, ſeeme to ſee the ſelfe ſame things to appeare otherwiſe to them, than either they doe to other, or are indeede in themſelues, being but all one in nature. For what a doe haue we heere, what ſtrange precepts of Arte about the framing of an Iambique verſe in our language, which when all is done, reaches not by a foote, but falleth out to be the plaine ancient verſe conſiſting of tenne ſillables or fiue feete, which hath euer beene vſed amongeſt vs time out of minde. And for all this

cunning and counterfeit name can or will be any other in nature then it hath beene euer heretofore: and this new *Dimeter* is but the halfe of this verse diuided in two, and no other then the *Cæsura* or breathing place in the middest thereof, and therefore it had bene as good to haue put two lines in one, but only to make them seeme diuerse. Nay it had beene much better for the true English reading and pronouncing thereof, without violating the accent, which now our Aduersarie hath herein most vnkindely doone: for, being, as wee are to sound it, according to our English March, we must make a rest, and raise the last sillable, which falles out very vnnaturall in *Desolate*, *Funerall*, *Elizabeth*, *Prodigall*, and in all the rest sauing the Monosillables. Then followes the English *Trochricke*, which is saide to bee a simple verse, and so indeede it is, being without Ryme, hauing here no other grace then that in sound it runnes like the knowne measure of our former ancient Verse, ending (as we terme it according to the French) in a feminine foote, sauing that it is shorter by one sillable at the beginning, which is not much missed, by reason it falles full at the last. Next comes the *Elegiacke*, being the fourth kinde, and that likewise is no other then our old accustomed measure of fiue feete, if there be any difference, it must be made in the reading, and therein wee must stand bound to stay where often we would not, and sometimes either breake the accent, or the due course of the word. And now for the other foure kinds of numbers, which are to be employed for *Odes*, they are either of the same measure, or such as haue euer beene familiarly vsed amongst vs. So that of all these eight seuerall kindes of new promised numbers you see what we haue. Onely what was our owne before, and the same but apparelled in forraine Titles, which had they come in their kinde and naturall attire of Ryme, wee should neuer haue suspected that they had affected to be other, or sought to degenerate into strange manners, which now we see was the cause why they were turned out of their proper habite, and brought in as Aliens, onely to induce men to admire them as farre-commers. But see the power of Nature, it is not all the artificiall couerings of wit that can hide their natiue and originall condition which breakes out thorow the strongest bandes of affectation, and will be it selfe, doe Singularitie what it can. And as for those imagined quantities of sillables, which haue bin euer held free and indifferent in our language, who can inforce vs to take knowlege of them, being *in nullius verba iurati*, & owing

ing fealty to no forraine inuention; eſpecially in ſuch a caſe where there is no neceſſitie in Nature, or that it imports either the matter or forme, whether it be ſo, or otherwiſe. But euery Verſifier that wel obſerues his worke, findes in our language, without all theſe vnneceſſary precepts, what numbers beſt fitte the Nature of her Idiome, and the proper places deſtined to ſuch accents, as ſhe will not let in, to any other roomes then into thoſe for which they were borne. As for example, you cannot make this fall into the right ſound of a Verſe.

None thinkes reward rendred worthy his worth:

vnleſſe you thus miſplace the accent vppon *Rendrèd* and *Worthie*, contrary to the nature of theſe wordes: which ſheweth that two feminine numbers (or Trochies, if ſo you wil call them) will not ſucceede in the third and fourth place of the Verſe. And ſo likewiſe in this caſe,

Though Death doth conſume, yet Virtue preſerues.

it wil not be a Verſe, though it hath the iuſt ſillables, without the ſame number in the ſecond, and the altering of the fourth place, in this ſorte:

Though Death doth ruine, Virtue yet preſerues.

Againe, who knowes not that we cannot kindely anſwere a feminine number with a maſculine Ryme, or (if you will ſo terme it) a *Trochei* with a *Sponde*, as *Weakenes* with *Confeſſe*, *Nature* and *Indure*, onely for that thereby wee ſhall wrong the accent, the chiefe Lord and graue Gouernour of Numbers. Alſo you cannot in a Verſe of foure feete, place a *Trochei* in the firſt, without the like offence, as, *Tearely out of his watry Cell.*

for ſo you ſhall ſound it *Tearelie* which is vnnaturall. And other ſuch like obſeruations vſually occurre, which Nature and a iudiciall eare, of themſelues teach vs readily to auoyde.

But now for whom hath our Aduerſary taken all this paines? For the Learned, or for the Ignorant, or for himſelfe, to ſhew his owne skill? If for the Learned, it was to no purpoſe, for euerie Grammarian in this land hath learned his *Proſodia*, and alreadie knowes all this Arte of Numbers: if for the Ignorant, it was vaine: For if they become Verſifiers, wee are like to haue leane Numbers, inſtede of fat Ryme: and if *Tully* would haue his Orator skilld in all the knowledges appertaining to God and man, what ſhould they haue, who would be a degree aboue Orators? Why then it was to ſhew his owne skill, and what himſelfe had obſerued: ſo he might well haue done, without doing wrong to

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the fame of the liuing, and wrong to *England*, in ſeeking to lay reproach vppon her natiue ornaments, and to turne the faire ſtreame and full courſe of her accents, into the ſhallow current of a leſſe vncertaintie, cleane out of the way of her knowne delight. And I had thought it could neuer haue proceeded from the pen of a Scholler (who ſees no profeſſion free from the impure mouth of the ſcorner) to ſay the reproach of others idle tongues is the curſe of Nature vpon vs, when it is rather her curſe vpon him, that knowes not how to vſe his tongue. What, doth he think himſelfe is now gotten ſo farre out of the way of contempt, that his numbers are gone beyond the reach of obloquie, and that how friuolous, or idle ſoeuer they ſhall runne, they ſhall be protected from diſgrace, as though that light rymes and light numbers did not weigh all alike in the graue opinion of the wiſe. And that it is not Ryme, but our ydle Arguments that hath brought downe to ſo baſe a reckning, the price and eſtimation of writing in this kinde. When the few good things of this age, by comming together in one throng and preſſe with the many bad, are not diſcerned from them, but ouer-looked with them, and all taken to be alike. But when after-times ſhall make a queſt of inquirie, to examine the beſt of this Age, peraduenture there will be found in the now contemned recordes of Ryme, matter not vnfitting the graueſt Diuine, and ſeuereſt Lawyer in this kingdome. But theſe things muſt haue the date of Antiquitie, to make them reuerend and authentical: For euer in the collation of Writers, men rather weigh their age then their merite, *& legunt priſcos cum reuerentia, quando cœtaneos non poſſunt ſine inuidia.* And let no writer in Ryme be any way diſcouraged in his endeuour by this braue allarum, but rather animated to bring vp all the beſt of their powers, and charge withall the ſtrength of nature and induſtrie vpon contempt, that the ſhew of their reall forces may turne backe inſolencie into her owne holde. For, be ſure that innouation neuer workes any ouerthrow, but vpon the aduantage of a careleſſe idleneſſe. And let this make vs looke the better to our feete, the better to our matter, better to our maners. Let the Aduerſary that thought to hurt vs, bring more profit and honor, by being againſt vs, then if he had ſtoode ſtill on our ſide. For that (next to the awe of heauen) the beſt reine, the ſtrongeſt hand to make men keepe their way, is that which their enemy beares vpon them: and let this be the benefite wee make by being oppugned; and the meanes to redeeme backe the good opinion,

Simplicius longè poſita mirantur.

vanitie,

vanitie and idleneſſe haue ſuffered to be wonne from vs; which, nothing but ſubſtance and matter can effect. for,

Scribendi rectè ſapere eſt & principium & fons.

When we heare Muſicke, we muſt be in our eare, in the vtter-roome of ſenſe, but when we intertaine iudgement, we retire into the cabinet and innermoſt withdrawing chamber of the ſoule: And it is but as Muſicke for the eare,

Verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis.

but it is a worke of power for the ſoule.

Nymerósque modósque diſcere vita.

The moſt iudiciall and worthy ſpirites of this Land are not ſo delicate, or will owe ſo much to their eare, as to reſt vppon the out-ſide of wordes, and be intertained with ſound: ſeeing that both Number, Meaſure, and Ryme, is but as the ground or ſeate, whereupon is raiſed the work that commends it, and which may be eaſily at the firſt found out by any ſhallow conceipt: as wee ſee ſome fantaſticke to beginne a faſhion, which afterward grauity it ſelfe is faine to put on, becauſe it will not be out of the weare of other men, and *Recti apud nos locum tenet error vbi publicus factus eſt.* And power and ſtrength that can plant it ſelfe any where, hauing built within this compaſſe, and reard it of ſo high a reſpect, wee now imbrace it as the fitteſt dwelling for our inuention, and haue thereon beſtowed all the ſubſtance of our vnderſtanding to furniſh it as it is: and therefore heere I ſtand foorth, onelie to make good the place we haue thus taken vp, and to defend the ſacred monuments erected therein, which containe the honour of the dead, the fame of the liuing, the glory of peace, and the beſt power of our ſpeach, and wherin ſo many honorable ſpirits haue ſacrificed to Memorie their deareſt paſſions, ſhewing by what diuine influence they haue beene moued, and vnder what ſtarres they liued.

But yet now notwithſtanding all this which I haue heere deliuered in the defence of Ryme, I am not ſo farre in loue with mine owne myſterie, or will ſeeme ſo froward, as to bee againſt the reformation, and the better ſetling theſe meaſures of ours. Wherein there be many things, I could wiſh were more certaine and better ordered, though my ſelfe dare not take vpon me to be a teacher therein, hauing ſo much needs to learne of others. And I muſt confeſſe, that to mine owne eare, thoſe continuall cadences of couplets vſed in long and continued Poemes, are very tyreſome, and vnpleaſing, by reaſon that ſtill, me thinks,

they

they runne on with a ſound of one nature, and a kinde of certaintie which ſtuffs the delight rather then intertaines it. But yet notwithſtanding, I muſt not out of mine owne daintineſſe, condemne this kinde of writing, which peraduenture to another may ſeeme moſt delightfull, and many worthy compoſitions we ſee to haue paſſed with commendation in that kinde. Beſides, me thinkes ſometimes, to beguile the eare, with a running out, and paſſing ouer the Ryme, as no bound to ſtay vs in the line where the violence of the matter will breake thorow, is rather gracefull then otherwiſe. Wherein I finde my *Homer*, *Lucan*, as if he gloried to ſeeme to haue no bounds, albeit hee were confined within his meaſures, to be in my conceipt moſt happy. For ſo thereby, they who care not for Verſe or Ryme, may paſſe it ouer without taking notice thereof, and pleaſe themſelues with a well-meaſured Proſe. And I muſt confeſſe my Aduerſary hath wrought this much vpon me, that I thinke a Tragedie would indeede beſt comporte with a blank Verſe, and diſpence with Ryme, ſauing in the *Chorus* or where a ſentence ſhall require a couplet. And to auoyde this ouer-glutting the eare with that alwayes certaine, and ful incounter of Ryme, I haue aſſaid in ſome of my Epiſtles to alter the vſuall place of meeting, and to ſette it further off by one Verſe, to trie how I could diſuſe my owne eare and to eaſe it of this continuall burthen, which indeede ſeemes to ſurcharge it a little too much, but as yet I cannot come to pleaſe my ſelfe therein: this alternate or croſſe Ryme holding ſtill the beſt place in my affection.

Beſides, to me this change of number in a Poem of one nature ſits not ſo wel, as to mixe vncertainly, feminine Rymes with maſculine, which, euer ſince I was warned of that deformitie by my kinde friend and countriman Maiſter *Hugh Samford*, I haue alwayes ſo auoyded it, as there are not aboue two couplettes in that kinde in all my Poem of the Ciuill warres: and I would willingly if I coulde, haue altered it in all the reſt, holding feminine Rymes to be fitteſt for Ditties, and either to be ſet certaine, or elſe by themſelues. But in theſe things, I ſay, I dare not take vpon mee to teach that they ought to be ſo, in reſpect my ſelfe holdes them to be ſo, or that I thinke it right, for indeede there is no right in theſe things that are continually in a wandring motion, carried with the violence of our vncertaine likings, being but onely the time that giues them their power. For if this right, or truth, ſhould be no other thing then that wee

make

make it, we ſhall ſhape it into a thouſand figures, ſeeing this excellent painter Man, can ſo well lay the colours which himſelfe grindes in his owne affections, as that hee will make them ſerue for any ſhadow, and any counterfeit. But the greateſt hinderer to our proceedings, and the reformation of our errours, is this Selfe-loue whereunto we Verſifiers are euer noted to be eſpecially ſubiect; a diſeaſe of all other, the moſt dangerous, and incurable, being once ſeated in the ſpirits, for which there is no cure, but onely by a ſpirituall remedy. *Multos puto, ad ſapientiam potuiſſe peruenire, niſi putaſſent ſe peruenisſe:* and this opinion of our ſufficiencie makes ſo great a cracke in our iudgement, as it wil hardly euer holde any thing of worth, *Cæcus amor ſui*, and though it would ſeeme to ſee all without it, yet certainely it diſcernes but little within. For there is not the ſimpleſt writer that will euer tell himſelfe, he doth ill, but as if he were the paraſite onely to ſooth his owne doings, perſwades him that his lines can not but pleaſe others, which ſo much delight himſelfe:

Suffenus eſt quiſque ſibi. —— *neque idem vnquam.*
Æque eſt beatus, ac poema cum ſcribit,
Tam gaudet in ſe tamque ſe ipſe miratur.

And the more to ſhew that he is ſo, we ſhall ſee him euermore in all places, and to all perſons repeating his owne compoſitions: and, *Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo.*

Next to this deformitie ſtands our affectation, wherein we alwayes bewray our ſelues to be both vnkinde, and vnnaturall to our owne natiue language, in diſguiſing or forging ſtrange or vnvſuall wordes, as if it were to make our verſe ſeeme an other kind of ſpeach out of the courſe of our vſuall practiſe, diſplacing our wordes, or inueſting new, onely vpon a ſingularitie: when our owne accuſtomed phraſe, ſet in the due place, would expreſſe vs more familiarly and to better delight, than all this idle affectation of antiquitie, or noueltie can euer doe. And I can not but wonder at the ſtrange preſumption of ſome men that dare ſo audaciouſly aduenture to introduce any whatſoeuer forraine wordes, be they neuer ſo ſtrange; and of themſelues as it were, without a Parliament, without any conſent, or allowance, eſtabliſh them as Free-denizens in our language. But this is but a Character of that perpetuall reuolution which wee ſee to be in all things that neuer remaine the ſame, and we muſt heereby be content to ſubmit our ſelues to the law of time, which in few yeeres wil make al that, for which we now contend, *Nothing*.

FINIS. I. ♣